5806
LXFP

$50 =

1st Edition
Moon 55.8

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

page 134.

The Deserter.

Pub.d Dec.r 1830 by J. Harris St Pauls Church Yard.

MORE TALES

FOR

IDLE HOURS.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1831.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

CONTENTS

TALE		PAGE
I.	The Striking Contrast . . .	1
II.	The Female Friends	31
III.	The East Indian	57
IV.	The Fairy's Gift Revoked . . .	75
V.	The Deserter	133

MORE TALES FOR IDLE HOURS.

I.

THE STRIKING CONTRAST.

NEVER, perhaps, were the deformity of vice and the loveliness of virtue placed in a more striking contrast, than in the character and conduct of the two sons of Mr. Perry, a gentleman of fortune, residing in the West of England.

Alfred, the youngest of these lads, was a boy of a brilliant rather than a solid understanding; and possessed that lively disposition, which, in childhood, is too often mistaken for sense. Nature had endowed him

with every advantage of face and person; and the partial fondness of his parents left him little either to ask or desire.

To Henry, the elder brother, nature had been as niggardly, as to Alfred she had been munificent. From a fall in his infancy, he had contracted a deformity, which had not only injured his shape, but his health: and his face, which was deeply marked with the small-pox, had no feature which could be called pleasing. Unhappily, these exterior circumstances, which could have little to do either with the heart or disposition, were—in one child regarded with almost idolizing fondness,—in the other with something little less than disgust. Alfred, always in the parlour, caressed, praised, and indulged, formed a striking contrast, indeed, to the poor neglected Henry, who was but seldom suffered to leave the nursery, and even there was treated with cold indifference by the servants. From the

deformity of his person, his health was extremely delicate; and, frequently, when thus neglected, he was suffering severely from bodily pain. One indulgence he was allowed, and one only:—as he was incapable of much exertion or exercise, he early discovered a taste for reading, and the master of a school, very near the Hall, was suffered to attend him. The progress he made more than repaid the trouble of his teacher, and was to himself a source of delight, which solaced many of his lonely hours.

Alfred, though only a year younger, scarcely knew his letters; and when lessons were given him with his brother, he not only paid no attention to the master, but ridiculed his manner, his dress, and his features. As he did this, however, with great drollery, and, as his parents thought, with much wit, they laughed at his sallies, and readily consented to his wish of not being plagued with

such a "stupid drone;" which was the term he used when speaking of the master. He was now eight years old, and, however unwillingly, his parents judged it necessary to send him to a boarding-school. Henry was also to accompany him; but this, to Henry, was no evil; his wish of improvement, and his love of learning, made the idea rather agreeable to him. But it was not so with Alfred; and, indeed, his tears and importunities were so effectual, that another twelvemonth passed away before the scheme was put in execution.

When the time of their departure did arrive, Henry attended the summons to the carriage with great alacrity: but it was some time before Alfred could be found. He had concealed himself in a closet, with the futile hope that if he were not discovered, the carriage would go without him. Neither tears nor entreaties were spared to obtain his purpose;

but these his parents had been prepared for, and, though with infinite anguish to themselves, they had predetermined not to yield to them. He was, therefore, obliged to enter the carriage, which was filled with every thing likely to be agreeable to him, and which could either conduce to his amusement or pleasure.

The journey was passed, on his part, in tears and sullen silence; and on that of Henry in regret for his brother's affliction, and quiet acquiescence to desires which he had never attempted to dispute. After a ride of about twelve miles, they arrived at the school. The master attended; they were ushered into a parlour, and treated with the utmost civility. Several of the pupils were introduced, in the hope of dispelling Alfred's chagrin, and, at length, they so far succeeded, as to induce him to join their amusements, and retire with them to another room.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry, who had dreaded the hour of parting, took this opportunity to steal away unobserved; and when Alfred found they were gone, though his tears flowed afresh, yet he felt convinced that his grief could no longer be of any avail. His prepossessing appearance soon gained him many admirers; even the masters were struck by the beauty of his features, and the graceful symmetry of his person; and there were those who failed not to contrast them with the deformity and sickly appearance of his brother.

Henry felt how much he was neglected; but to neglect he had always been accustomed. He was sensible of the disadvantages of his person, and sometimes wished that Nature had been more bountiful; but his mind was wholly free from envy, and he had never loved his brother less, because he possessed more. By degrees, his amiable disposition,

and the charms of his mind, unfolded themselves, and, amongst the judicious and worthy, secured him many friends. To be loved, he must have been known; to be admired, his brother must be only seen;—the effect was natural;—the charms of the one increased, as those of the other wore away.

Next morning, the new scholars appeared in the school-room. Henry performed his tasks with ease, and found in them only amusement: Alfred, after spending the whole morning in tears, was obliged to perform them in the hours allotted to play, and even then, without his brother's assistance, he could have done nothing. The habits of indulgence, to which he had always been accustomed, and his total neglect of all improvement, made his present situation the most irksome and painful that could possibly be imagined.

The masters, perceiving Alfred's want of

docility, and the little relish or capability he discovered for improvement, by degrees transferred the liking they had conceived for him to his brother, whose gentle and obliging disposition and unwearied industry deserved the highest commendation.

The first half-year having at length passed away, Alfred had the felicity of returning home, with a more decided hatred of school, and a stronger desire of remaining where his will was undisputed; but his parents, though they grieved at his reluctance to go back, still thought it too important to be dispensed with: and, though they encountered the same tears, the same entreaties, and the same resistance, yet he was obliged to return.

Alfred was now nearly nine years old, and his brother was but one year his senior; yet the disparity of their knowledge and advances in all that was really worthy attainment was as striking, as if one had been twelve

and the other but four or five years of age. The mind of Henry was already well stored with useful learning, and his desire of improvement was only equalled by his progress. Alfred, on the contrary, scarcely knew the first rudiments of learning; and, though he possessed a flow of spirits and a quickness of reply, which was often mistaken for wit, yet, by those who looked beyond the surface, his shallow acquirements were easily detected. His temper and disposition accorded but little with the attractions of his person. He was selfish, imperious, and, when offended, implacable. The head master, from whom he had received some chastisement, which his idleness and inattention well deserved, was the object of his abhorrence. To vex, to torment, and, if possible to injure him, would, to Alfred, have been the highest gratification.

Unhappily, there were other boys in the

school, whose ideas corresponded with his own; and these were his favourite companions. They had several times committed depredations in the orchards and gardens of the neighbouring farmers, which had occasioned heavy complaints; but as the delinquents had never been discovered, general threats were all that followed. Alfred and his companions, in secret, exulted in their atrocities; and, grown bold by success, they meditated a plan, which was soon to be carried into execution.

These boys all slept in the same room with Henry, whose delicate health, which of late had been more than commonly fluctuating, kept him awake many weary hours, when his happier companions were locked in tranquil repose. He was one night, as usual, lying awake, when he heard his brother proposing to his bed-fellow a scheme so atrocious, as shocked Henry, who had been, un-

willingly, acquainted with former depredations. He had frequently expostulated in the kindest manner, and endeavoured to dissuade his brother from associating with boys, whose characters were so notorious: but his kind expostulations were treated with ridicule and contempt; and he was sneeringly told, that it was not every one who could sit for hours together poring over a book till they were stupefied; for, although such amusements were very well for a broken back and lame leg, they would not do for boys of any spirit.—Henry sighed, but made no answer; a tear started into his eye; but he wiped it off in silence, and returned to those amusements, which, however contemptuously treated, were, indeed, his chief delight.

Mr. Saunders, the master of the seminary, was particularly fond of flowers; he had a remarkably fine collection, and was reckoned

one of the best florists in the kingdom. His auriculas were now in full bloom, and he had surveyed them with a delight which none but an amateur could feel. It was against these that Alfred and his companions meditated their vengeance, which they intended should be as secret as they hoped it would be complete. They had no idea that Henry was awake; but as from him they wished to conceal every thing, they were more than commonly suspicious; and, knowing how little and how ill he slept, they stopped in the midst of their discourse, to listen whether he were awake: they soon found that he was, and their conversation was immediately suspended.

Grieved, but not deterred, by his brother's ridicule and sarcasms, Henry, the next morning, ventured to expostulate on the wickedness of the action he had heard meditated; but, instead of the effect he hoped would

have been produced, he was accused as a mean listener, who delighted to thwart them in those amusements he could not participate. He still expostulated, and endeavoured to represent the unworthiness of such base revenge, and the certainty of detection; but he was heard with impatience, and silenced with the most unkind language.

A few nights after this, having, in consequence of indisposition, retired very early to bed, he fell into a sounder sleep than he usually enjoyed. He knew not how long this had continued, when he was awoke by light steps moving about the room. Raising his head suddenly, he discovered his brother and several other boys, who entered the room with a mysterious air. He asked what was the matter? This question evidently was unwelcome; but Alfred, with his usual readiness, after exhorting him to speak softly, said—In playing he had tossed his

hat into the garden, and as that was a place they were forbidden to enter, he was afraid he should be punished when it was found; as the head master, who was always particularly unkind to him, would on all occasions suspect the worst. He had been trying, he continued, to find it, but had not succeeded.

"Is that all?" said Henry, with a serious air.

"Yes, to be sure;" replied his brother; "what more do you think there should be?"

Henry was not naturally suspicious; yet, in the present instance, he doubted whether he had heard the truth. His brother had that day been severely flogged for neglecting his lessons; he knew the vengeance he meditated before this event; and he had no doubt but that would hasten it. He thought of the auriculas, and trembled. He knew the severity with which such an action would

be punished: and not all the unkindness he had received had weaned his affection from Alfred.—He laid down again, therefore, having his mind filled with gloomy apprehensions.

"Brother," said Alfred, "as you rise so early, you might go into the garden and look for my hat; you will, most probably, save me a severe flogging, if you do. You have often told me that you loved me, and wished to save me from punishment; and now is the time to shew it."

"But you know," replied Henry, "I am forbidden, as well as yourself, to go into the garden, and I have never even wished to disobey. Mr. Saunders values his flowers very much; and, I think, after the fatigues of the day, it is very hard if he may not enjoy, unmolested, a little harmless amusement."

"Oh! I know you are very fond of him,"

replied Alfred, "so am not I;—but every one to their taste. All I ask is this one favour of you. Do, dear brother, grant it; and you shall, in return, find me in future guided wholly by your advice. Think how I shall be punished, if you do not comply with this request. You do not wish to see me unhappy, do you?"

"No, surely, not," replied Henry, with quickness, and forgetting all his suspicions: "I will, if possible, do what you wish; and I only regret, that in obliging you, I must, disobey Mr. Saunders."

During this conversation Alfred undressed himself, and retired to bed, wishing his brother "good night," in the most affectionate manner. He was, indeed, well acquainted with Henry's temper, and knew how to wheedle him to his purpose; nor was this the first instance in which he had screened himself at his expense.

Henry passed a sleepless night, and arose with the sun. He was in the habit of doing this; and, as his good conduct had secured him the confidence of the master, he was allowed to walk in the grounds, even before the rest of the family were stirring. In the present instance, his heart smote him, that he was about to make an ill use of an indulgence, which heretofore he had so highly valued: but, having once given his promise, a mistaken principle of honour induced him to hold it sacred; and, though slowly and reluctantly, he bent his steps towards the garden. The gates were all locked; but in a hedge, at the bottom, there was a large gap, which appeared to have been recently made. By this he entered, and advanced towards the place to which he had been directed. But what were his terror and astonishment, to see the stage of auriculas strewing the garden! Many of the pots were

broken; of others the flowers were entirely destroyed; and the whole fabric, which, to its owner, had been a source of such pleasure and amusement, exhibited a confused heap of ruins. Alfred's hat was discernible amongst the rubbish, and afforded a convincing proof to his brother that his suspicions were too well founded.

He hastened back to his chamber, with a perturbation which he did not endeavour to conceal, and, finding the whole party awake, he upbraided them with their baseness in the warmest manner. They, however, denied it, in terms so unequivocal, that Henry was staggered; he knew not what to think; yet, he could not dismiss from his mind suspicions, which so many circumstances seemed to corroborate.

The news of the disaster was soon carried to Mr. Saunders, whose regret and astonishment were only equalled by his anger. The

boys were all summoned; the ushers appeared, with Mr. Saunders at their head; every boy was questioned in the strictest manner; the gap in the hedge was mentioned, and each separately asked if he had ever passed it. All replied in the negative, except Henry; but, however grievous the displeasure of a master whom he respected, no consideration could tempt him to utter a wilful falsehood. The astonishment of Mr. Saunders cannot easily be described;—that Henry, the boy whom he had particularly respected, and in whom he had placed unlimited confidence, should be guilty of such an infamous action, seemed almost impossible; but appearances were strong against him, and the master's suspicions seemed corroborated by the evidence of the gardener, who declared he had, that very morning, seen Henry on the spot where the devastation had been committed.

Henry attempted not to deny this assertion; though he solemnly declared he was innocent of the charge alleged against him.

"For what, then, was you there?" said Mr. Saunders, impatiently.

Henry was silent: he refused to tell. This was the signal of his punishment, and he received a correction so severe, that he was unable, for some minutes, to return to his room.

One of the ushers, with whom he had always been a favourite, and who still believed him innocent, attended him from the school-room, and, with the kindest language, endeavoured to draw from him all he knew of the affair. But Henry refused to say a word, which might have exposed his guilty and unworthy brother: he declared he was not the offender, but he would declare no more; and, though severely grieved, and cruelly treated, he harboured no resentment

against Mr. Saunders. He had always, heretofore, treated him with unvaried kindness, nor would he now have altered his conduct, had he not believed that he was punishing the guilty.

Alfred, in the mean time, had passed the morning most unpleasantly. Judging of his brother by himself, he could not believe it possible that any one would submit to punishment merely to rescue another. He therefore expected, when Henry was asked why he went into the garden, that he would immediately have declared the whole truth; and he was fully aware what, in such circumstances, must follow. What, then, was his astonishment, when Henry not only remained silent, but submitted to a severe punishment, without declaring what had subjected him to such unjust suspicions! There was something in his conduct, which Alfred could not imitate; but it was impossible not to

respect it. He was involuntarily more attached to his brother; and there were moments when he felt ashamed of suffering him to labour under imputations of which he was entirely innocent. But these were only moments; and, whatever might be his secret compunction, his conduct was still mean and disgraceful.

Henry, when again he saw Mr. Saunders, was wounded by the cold contempt with which he was treated. He was no longer spoken to with kindness, nor distinguished with any marks of familiarity. All that was said was bitter sarcasm, or injurious reproach; and, in proportion as he had before been indulgent, he was now severe. He forbade the morning walks, the many little privileges which, to Henry's infirmities and pursuits, were invaluable. The poor fellow mourned in secret, but he scorned to complain; and he was too just to reproach Mr.

Saunders for a conduct which he knew nothing but an idea of having been deceived had occasioned. Yet that conduct was to Henry a source of affliction so deep, that nothing but a consciousness of having deserved it could have added to his sufferings.

One morning, he was sitting in his room, too unwell to join in the sports of his companions, and too sad to give his thoughts to reading, when Alfred entered in the deepest affliction, and some minutes elapsed before he could speak. When he did, he at first only articulated, "Oh, now we must be discovered; I know they will betray; they said they would yesterday, before I gave them my last shilling!"

As this discourse was unintelligible to Henry, he begged to have it explained; and Alfred proceeded to inform him, that the gardener, in removing the ruins which the late disaster had caused, had found a knife

marked with the initials A. P.; that it had been carried to the master, and the boys were all summoned.

"Then you did, indeed, destroy the auriculas!" exclaimed Henry, now fully convinced of what he before only suspected. "Oh, Alfred, why have you behaved so unworthily?"

Alfred's tears prevented him from answering; and his brother, moved by his distress, would not, by any farther reproaches, increase it. They had not been many minutes together, when the dreaded summons arrived. This they dared not disobey, though Alfred slunk behind his brother: he composed his countenance, however, as well as he could, and endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness very foreign to his feelings.

All the boys were now assembled; Mr. Saunders and the ushers were seated at the

upper end of the room; and on the table lay the knife, which had excited Alfred's uneasiness. On the entrance of Henry and Alfred, Mr. Saunders asked the former, in a severe tone, what use he had made of that knife in destroying the auriculas?

Henry calmly replied, that he had made no use of it; he did not recollect ever to have seen it before.

"Perhaps not, sir," replied the master; "your memory, of late, has not been very tenacious: it would not even assist you in remembering an action you had committed but a few hours before."

"I then declared the *truth*, sir," said Henry, indignantly, "and I have now nothing to add."

"These, Mr. Alfred, are your initials," said the master: "I now command you to tell me when, and for what purpose, you lent

this knife to your brother. Speak the truth, and I promise you forgiveness; I mean not to confound the innocent with the guilty."

Henry sighed. Alfred remained silent a few minutes; but, on the question, command, and promise being repeated, he fell upon his knees, and, with much hesitation, said, it was not his brother, but himself and four of his companions, who had destroyed the auriculas.

Mr. Saunders started with astonishment; but he continued silent, and Alfred went on:—

They had been unable to throw the stand down, and had, therefore, cut one of the legs: the sudden fall of the pots had thrown the knife underneath, where they could not discover it.

"And the rest—?" said Mr. Saunders, interrupting him.

His hat had been thrown off, by a blow

he received from one of the pots; it began to grow dark; footsteps were heard at a little distance; and, in their fright, he and his companions ran out of the garden, and dared not return.

Here Alfred ceased, and Mr. Saunders regarded him for some minutes, with the most indignant countenance. At length he exclaimed, "Is it possible that such unworthiness exists in my school? Could you, after the perpetration of such a base and malicious action, suffer your brother to endure a chastisement so severe and so unmerited,—to see him exposed to my resentment,—to treatment which his bodily suffering must have doubled? Go from my presence this moment. Unworthily as you have availed yourself of my promise not to punish you, I will still not break my word; but take with you my contempt, and the reproaches of your own heart; and if any spark of

virtue yet remain, they will prove your severest torment."

Alfred quitted the room, and a murmur of indignation burst from the little spectators.

"And you, my noble boy," continued Mr. Saunders, rising and embracing Henry, "come to my heart, and let me tell you all the admiration I feel for you. Indeed, at the moment when I was most angry with you, I knew not how to believe you culpable; the whole tenor of your conduct seeming to refute my suspicions, and to reproach my severity."

Henry returned his master's embrace with grateful ardour, whilst tears of mingled joy for the recovered esteem of Mr. Saunders, and regret at his brother's conduct, trickled down his cheeks. His first request was for Alfred and his guilty companions. He procured them a remission of punishment; but

the obloquy of their conduct still remained, and made them shunned and despised by every one. Henry, restored to his former privileges, and cheered by smiles he had so highly valued, continued with Mr. Saunders several years; and when he quitted the seminary, his enlarged and cultivated mind, the kindness and generosity of his disposition, and the excellence of his heart, made him respected and beloved by all who knew him; whilst Alfred, endowed only with exterior charms, though seen to be admired, was known to be despised: and, whilst his brother passed his life in a manner the most praiseworthy; he, by associating only with the idle and profligate, became the sorrow and disgrace of his friends, and, at the early age of thirty, ended his days in a duel, the consequence of a quarrel at one of the taverns which he frequented. Regretted by few, and beloved by none, he was a melancholy

example of the little real value of mere personal endowments; whilst his brother afforded the most convincing proof, that virtue can take from deformity all that is unpleasing, and give it charms superior to those of beauty and gracefulness.

II.

THE FEMALE FRIENDS.

EMMELINE MORLAND was the youngest daughter of a Scottish earl: she was educated as the children of the affluent commonly are; had a private governess, and masters of all kinds. The numerous train of servants, which composed the family household, precluded the necessity of her making any exertions for herself. Unfortunately, the earl, beside an incumbered estate, possessed a vice which was most destructive of his family's welfare. He was a professed gamester; and, after a life of perpetual struggles to ward off those pecuniary difficulties which were gathering around him, a sudden death bequeathed them, in all their force, to his ill-fated family.

The eldest son inherited the estate, and he permitted his mother still to reside in the

house; but the younger children were dispersed in various directions. The sons were sent into the army and navy, and the daughters were adopted by some of their more opulent friends. Emmeline was given to the care of a rich dowager of quality, who made her feel so bitterly the galling yoke of dependence, that, at the early age of eighteen, she married the family chaplain, thankful for any situation which might emancipate her from the miseries she had long endured. She then retired with her husband to a small living he possessed in Gloucestershire, where the most rigid economy was necessary to make their income suffice for their subsistence. A high sense of honour, which, in happier circumstances, Emmeline had imbibed, led her to avoid running in debt; but of the minutiæ of economy she knew nothing. To live with one servant, to make the most frugal fare suffice, and to assist personally in

the little duties of her family, were things of which she was wholly ignorant; and it was not till the most serious consequences resulted from her ignorance, that she endeavoured and determined to learn. The task, at first, was difficult, but not impracticable; and the lively interest she felt for her husband and child, soon rendered many things comparatively light, which, without such incentives, would, to her, have been most wearisome.

Of a numerous family, one only daughter survived the period of infancy; and to this daughter both Mr. and Mrs. Alton were most fondly attached. To form her infant mind, to pour lessons of virtue and instruction into her heart, were their first endeavours: they laboured with unremitting care; and, as is usually the case, their efforts were amply repaid. Mrs. Alton had too forcibly experienced the evils resulting from habits

of indolence, and early personal indulgence, to make her daughter their victim. Little Emmeline was her own servant. She had no one to fetch what she wanted; and if her efforts were not sufficient to procure the accomplishment of her desires, she was obliged to relinquish them. Thus early trained to self-denial and self-exertion, she possessed a mind so well tempered, and wishes so moderate, that the sphere of life in which she was born comprised all that her youthful heart required. Mrs. Alton was well qualified for the task she had undertaken: experience had taught her what was useful in education, and the splendid circumstances of her early years had made her mistress of most accomplishments. These she imparted to her daughter, and they were acquired with a facility which more than repaid the teacher's labour.

At fourteen years of age, Emmeline was

mistress of more acquirements than are usually possessed by young women many years older; and she had, likewise, a strength of mind, and steadiness of principle, which seemed to fit her for the various trials of this eventful life.

Among the few acquaintance which the village afforded, was Caroline Mowbray, the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune. She had lost her mother before she was sensible of the privation; and, as her father had taken a dislike to her from the moment of her birth, because he was not blessed with a son, she had been treated in the house with but little more attention than a stranger.

Her only refuge from unkindness was the parsonage; and there she had spent the greatest part of her life. She had been instructed with Emmeline, and shared with her the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Alton. By degrees, she lengthened the periods of her ab-

sence from the Hall, and as she was never inquired for, and never missed, she at length only returned to sleep. To Emmeline, her society was most agreeable; for, though neither so gifted by nature, nor improved by art, she was amiable in her disposition, and pleasing in her manners. She loved Mr. and Mrs. Alton as her parents, and Emmeline as her sister; and she would frequently say, that had she been blessed with such relations, the utmost wishes of her heart would have been completely gratified.

Her father, who spent his life alternately between the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table, scarcely recollected he had a daughter; and as long as she neither asked him for money, nor importuned him on any other subject, it was quite indifferent to him how she spent her time; so that, without the kindness of her friends at the parsonage, Caroline would have been wholly deprived

of every advantage of education, which young people in her station of life most commonly enjoy.

He had been a widower almost fifteen years, when he determined again to marry; and the person whom he chose was suited to his own taste and habits. Her highest qualification was being able to superintend the cooking; and her best recommendation, that, in his annual fit of the gout, she was willing to attend him as a nurse. From the moment of her being mistress of the Hall, she seemed to have destined Caroline to feel the whole weight of her power. Her first act of maternal authority was to forbid the visits at the Parsonage. Caroline expostulated, but to no effect; and Emmeline, who soon after entered, ventured to make her petition, but with no better success. The two friends, therefore, parted, with a sensation of anguish, which they had never before expe-

rienced. In the afternoon, they were engaged to drink tea, with Mr. and Mrs. Alton, at the house of a lady, who lived about four miles distant; but Mrs. Mowbray would not suffer Caroline to accompany them; and the plan, which had been projected with much pleasure, lost all its attraction by this capricious prohibition.

The lady they were to visit was the only survivor of a very ancient family. She lived at Fontain Abbey, in the same state, and with the same habits, as had distinguished her ancestors, centuries back. Her servants were all veterans, and seemed to have imbibed the idea cherished by herself, that she had few equals, and no superiors. Of those whose visits she condescended to receive, Mr. and Mrs. Alton were first distinguished; but this honour was to be attributed to the noble family from whom Mrs. Alton had sprung. The house, which was gloomy and antique,

was surrounded by trees, whose age was coeval with that of the building. Through the grounds ran a river, and, had either beauty or taste been consulted, it might have formed a pleasing object from many parts of the Abbey. As the road from the parsonage was very circuitous, the usual plan was to take a boat, and either sail or row, as was most convenient. This was deemed the pleasantest part of the visit, and used to be particularly enjoyed by Caroline.

The hour of their setting off approached; the boat was ready, and the wind, which was favourable, promised them a speedy and pleasant sail. Mr. and Mrs. Alton regretted, with their daughter, the absence of her young friend; but, though they could not but consider her mother's conduct as tyrannical and unkind, they were fully aware of the propriety of submission on her part, and hoped it might be more effectual in removing pre-

judice than any other conduct could possibly prove.

They had not proceeded above a mile, when the wind, which had been increasing from the moment of their departure, became so violent, as to occasion much alarm to Mrs. Alton. The sky was covered with black clouds, and the thunder rolled heavily at a distance. The river, whose surface, when they embarked, had been perfectly smooth, was now agitated in the most violent manner. Mrs. Alton's terrors increased; and she begged they might land at the first convenient spot. Emmeline seconded the entreaty, and Mr. Alton, begging them to be composed, readily agreed to their request, and assisted the man, to whom the boat belonged, in lowering the sails, in order to reach a creek, at no great distance. As they were doing this, a sudden gust, more violent than any they had experienced, catching one of

the sails not yet furled, overset the boat. An instantaneous scream was heard. The sailor, who was an expert swimmer, caught Emmeline, and soon reached the shore with her, but all his efforts to render any assistance to her parents were ineffectual. Locked in each other's arms, they had almost immediately sunk, and rose no more.

Emmeline was carried, insensible, to the nearest cottage, where it was so long before she recovered, that the people began to fear she would breathe no more. When, at length, her senses were restored, and all the misery of her situation burst on her heart, her agonies almost deprived her of the recollection she had so lately regained. She would hear of nothing, she would listen to no consolation, till two men went in search of her unfortunate parents. They told her it was useless, at present; but she would consent to no delay, and even returned her-

self to the shore, where she stood, watching their little vessel, till the shades of night surrounded the horizon. She was then obliged to return to her sad and solitary home; and, perhaps, no affliction ever exceeded that which she felt, in re-entering an abode which she had quitted, so lately, in such different circumstances. Then she was blessed with kind and affectionate parents; now she was a desolate orphan, who must soon resign even the shelter which received her. The news of her misfortune almost immediately reached Caroline, who flew to her friend, and, with the sincerest commiseration, endeavoured to soothe her sorrows. With what delight would she have received her at her own house, had she of that house been mistress? But the utmost indulgence her entreaties procured, was a permission to remain with her at the parsonage for a short time.

Next morning, the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Alton were found; and, three days afterwards, they were buried. Emmeline and her friend followed them to the grave; and the former, in all the agonies which her situation may well be supposed to have excited, bent over the spot, as if all earthly happiness were there entombed for ever. Caroline remained with her all night, during which no slumber closed her eyes. The next day, it was necessary to make preparations for her removal, as another clergyman was appointed to the living. The furniture of the house, and what else it contained, was all she possessed, as the small income of her father had never more than sufficed for their customary wants; but it was not poverty which pressed upon her mind, it was the loss of her parents, and the manner in which she had lost them, which weighed so heavily. She disposed of the furniture (except what was sufficient to

furnish a very small cottage in the neighbourhood) to a farmer, who was lately married; and with the money she received she discharged the expenses of the funeral, which would otherwise have been much more than her slender means could have supplied.

When settled in her new abode, it was necessary to think of some means of subsistence; and as her education had well qualified her for the task, she resolved on opening a little school. She had soon several scholars, and her attention to these, in a short time, procured her many more. She gave general satisfaction, and many of the more opulent farmers in the neighbourhood became her munificent patrons.

Thus industriously employed, Emmeline found herself more comfortable than she had dared to hope. Time, the great softener of every calamity, by degrees blunted those agonies, which had once been so severe.

Never, indeed, could she recollect her parents but to feel all she owed them, and all she had lost by their death. The very means she now enjoyed of supporting herself, was a gift derived from them. To their kindness she owed it, that the liberality of her education had enabled her to instruct others; and, thus, instead of being a burden on casual charity, she was enabled herself to bestow a trifle on the unfortunate. Caroline was her constant visitor, whenever her mother would suffer her to leave home; and gladly would she have shared her friend's toil to have possessed equal comfort. Her home was, more than ever, uncomfortable; a second family now claimed the attention, not only of her mother, but her father; and Caroline was considered, and treated, as an incumbrance. To Emmeline she disclosed all her sorrows, and in her she was certain to find a kind friend and an able adviser.

Nearly five years had now elapsed since the death of Mr. and Mrs. Alton. In that time Emmeline's little school had attained great celebrity; and the independence and comfort which she enjoyed, amply repaid her most arduous labours. Her scholars loved her, and this lightened her task. Her endeavours for their improvement were unremitting; and the consciousness of performing her duty, gave a serenity to her mind, which nothing could easily disturb. Caroline was not equally happy:—her mother, whose sole endeavour seemed to be to alienate her father's affection from her, had so frequently misrepresented her conduct, that she was, at length, sent to a distant relation in the North, with a very small allowance for her expenses. Had she been suffered to share this with Emmeline, she would have been happy; but that was forbidden, as

Emmeline was represented as one who encouraged her friend's disobedience.

This banishment, for it was no other, was most dreadful to Caroline: she met, in her new abode, only increased unkindness; and her letters to her friend were filled with complaints and expressions of regret. Emmeline exhorted her to patience and submission, and to hope for happier days; and that, till such arrived, her best comfort would be derived from a reliance on that Power, whose support is never withheld from those who confidently rely upon it.

Some time passed thus; during which, Emmeline had frequently remitted to her friend such presents as she was able to bestow, and was most happy to impart; for Caroline was so penuriously treated, that she was not unfrequently in want of common comforts.

It was during one of the school recesses, that Emmeline determined to make a journey, to see her unhappy friend. She, accordingly, left her house to the care of a faithful servant, who had lived many years at the Parsonage; and, taking a place in the stage-coach, she proceeded till she arrived within thirty miles of the spot she was going to. But, as the remainder of the road was across the country, it was necessary to hire a different conveyance; and, having travelled several nights, she determined to repose herself before she proceeded onwards; she therefore ordered a room to be made ready, and retired to it. She had not been there long, when her attention was roused by the feeble moan of some one at no great distance. She listened attentively, and was convinced it was somebody in the room adjoining. She was soon also convinced, that the person was a female, and alone. Her compassionate

heart immediately induced her to make some inquiry about the melancholy object; and she learned, from the landlady, that it was a young person, who had stopped there for the night, but was taken suddenly ill, and could go no farther.

"However, Miss," continued the talkative hostess, "I rather suspect she has nothing to pay her bill; indeed, I have told her as much; and, therefore, she must tramp; sick or well."

"Poor thing!" replied Emmeline, "could I see her?"

"Oh, yes; if you wish it. There is no need of any ceremony. You have only to take the door marked ten, instead of your own, which, if you have observed, is eleven."

Emmeline went and tapped softly at the door. A feeble voice bade her "come in." She did so; but, as the evening was far advanced, she could scarcely distinguish any

thing. The curtains of the bed were drawn, and she was returning to fetch a light, when the same faint voice inquired—"Who is there?" Emmeline advanced to the bed, to apologize for her intrusion, and to offer her assistance; but scarcely had she begun to speak, when the curtains were hastily drawn back, and a faint scream burst from the invalid. Emmeline instantly recognised her friend:—yes, it was Caroline;—Caroline sick, and alone at an inn!

The astonishment of both the friends, at this unexpected interview, kept them silent for some minutes; at length Caroline, stretching out her hand, exclaimed,—"Oh, my Emmeline, had I but followed your advice, I had been happy! But the miseries of my situation weighed down my spirits, and, to break from them, I have committed a fault, the consequences of which are worse than all my former unmerited sufferings."

"What, then, have you done?" said Emmeline, taking her hand with the utmost kindness.

"You shall hear: but sit down; for I am really ill and weak, and can relate my tale but slowly. About a month since, I received a very cruel letter from my father, reproaching me with ingratitude to the person I was placed with, in not endeavouring to make myself useful to her. He threatened, that if he heard any more complaints against me, my allowance should be withdrawn, and that I should be turned out to seek my subsistence. As I had really not deserved these reproaches, I felt the utmost indignation at them; and, in the first moments of resentment, I answered my father's letter in terms as severe as his own; telling him, that my life had so long been rendered miserable, that I would far rather go out in the most menial capacity, than be subject to such

tyranny. This letter I sent to the post. In the mean time, as I could not but consider the person I was with as the cause of my present sufferings, my former dislike was increased. She perceived this: and as she knew that I was but too much in her power, she treated me accordingly; till, at length, I determined to submit to it no longer. The letter I had to expect from my father was most likely to increase my troubles; and, therefore, in an unhappy moment, I resolved to emancipate myself from them. I quitted the house, one fine morning, unobserved, taking with me a small bundle of clothes, and all the money I had.

"If I had dared to follow the bent of my own inclinations I should immediately have come to you; but your vicinity to my father's residence made that impossible. I, therefore, journeyed on, almost without plan or

route, comforting myself that no evils I might encounter, could exceed those I had quitted. But, alas! I knew not what I had undertaken. My little money was soon expended, and I was unable to travel many miles without resting. My spirits began to droop, and I knew not on what to resolve. My first hope had been to hire myself as servant to some lady; but no one would take me without a character: and, indeed, the appearance which the dirt and fatigue of travelling soon gave me, was not such as to prejudice any one in my favour. I arrived here, two nights ago, with only sixpence in my pocket; and whether from anxiety, fatigue, or any other cause, I know not, but I was the next morning taken so ill, that I could proceed no farther. To add to my sufferings, the landlady threatens to turn me out of doors, as she has discovered I have

no money. In this situation, what but your providential arrival, my dearest friend, could have saved me?"

Emmeline wept at this recital; and, seeing how much her unfortunate friend had already suffered, she forbore all reflections on a conduct which she could not approve. She sent immediately for an apothecary, who soon arrived. He was a man of sense and integrity, and said the cause of the patient's illness was fatigue and anxiety, and that, in a few days, with a little good nursing, she would be well. Emmeline devoted all her time to her sick friend; and the landlady, now she thought she should be paid, was much more obliging and civil. Caroline was soon evidently better; and her first effort of convalescence was to write to her father, expressing her sorrow for the letter she had previously written, and the conduct she had since pursued; and requesting his pardon.

She also entreated, for the future, to be permitted to reside with her friend, with whom she could support herself by her own industry. In the course of the week, an answer arrived, but not such an one as she had feared. Her father, indeed, reproached her for her undutiful letter, and her conduct in leaving the situation in which he had placed her; but he promised her forgiveness, if she offended no more. Her mother-in-law, he said, was dead, after a very sudden and short illness; and he desired her to return to him, with all possible expedition, as he wished her to take the charge of his young family; in which occupation he hoped she would acquit herself better than she had done lately.

Emmeline sincerely rejoiced in the opening prospects of better days, which, she trusted awaited her friend; who, as soon as she was able to bear the journey, quitted the inn, and

returned with her beloved friend to the place of her nativity.

Mr. Mowbray received his daughter without any of those marks of affection which usually characterize a parent. Her feeble spirits could ill support such coldness; but she felt her conduct had not been altogether free from blame; and, therefore, she bore her sorrows in silence. To Emmeline, alone, she opened her heart; and Emmeline urged her, by every effort in her power, to endeavour to please and oblige her father, and to submit, with cheerfulness, to all his wishes. This conduct had the desired effect. Mr. Mowbray saw in it the best refutation of the dislike which had been infused into his mind against her; by degrees, he relaxed his harshness; and, in time, committed wholly to her management every domestic arrangement. She had now constant opportunities of seeing her friend, and receiving from her the best

advice. Emmeline was equally happy in this intercourse; her virtuous industry, in a few years, obtained a competence sufficient for her moderate desires; and she passed the remainder of her exemplary life in gratitude to that Being, who had supported her in adversity, and strengthened her heart to deserve prosperity.

III.

THE EAST INDIAN.

PHILIP HARMAN was the only son of a colonel in the service of the East-India Company, who, having amassed a large fortune, had made arrangements for returning to Europe, where he determined that his son should complete his education. He had taken his passage in a ship nearly ready to sail, when a bilious complaint attacked him

so violently that he did not survive many days. His son, then about eight years old, seemed to suffer but little from the death of his father; for his wishes were entirely fixed on going to Europe, where, he had been told, every thing that was desirable might be obtained.

Shortly after his father's interment, he and his servants embarked; and, after a prosperous voyage, of little more than four months, arrived in England. Philip was consigned to the care of a clergyman, who had long been known to the colonel; and this gentleman was not only to act as the tutor, but as the future guardian of the young East Indian. He was received with every mark of kindness by Mr. Sandford, and welcomed by the children with great good-humour. Philip promised himself much pleasure in their society; and, for a few weeks, he was not disappointed. His companions,

considering him as a stranger, yielded to all his wishes, and in every amusement agreed to follow his inclinations. The novelty of his society, however, by degrees wore away; and as each of the young folks began to resume the wish of pleasing himself, Philip was no longer either so happy or so contented as he had been. To be contradicted, was what he could not bear. In India, he had been the tyrant of the house; and two boys of his own age, who were kept to amuse and obey him, had long groaned under his oppressions. They attended him to England, and were still the victims of his power and insolence.

Mr. Sandford, in a little time, perceived the evil habits which his pupil had been suffered to indulge; and he resolved, if possible, to eradicate them. Time, he knew, would be necessary for this; but by constant attention and the best examples, he trusted,

his wishes would be ultimately crowned with success.

Philip, in a little time, became much dissatisfied with his situation; and sincerely wished himself again in Bengal, where he could command, without any one daring to dispute his wishes. He was, one day, flying his kite, with George Sandford, a boy about his own age, when the string became entangled in the boughs of a tree, and he desired his companion to disengage it. George, ever good tempered, would have done it with pleasure, had he been asked civilly; but the peremptory tone, in which he was commanded, roused his spirit, and he refused. Philip advanced towards him with a menacing air, and asked how he dared to disobey? His answer was contemptuous, and Philip struck him. The blow was returned; and, in a few minutes, a fierce contest ensued. This, however, was of short continuance; as the deli-

cate limbs and enervated habits of the East Indian made him very inferior to his athletic companion.

His rage at being subdued exceeded his former passion: he almost foamed at the mouth, stamped with fury, and uttered the most vehement menaces. In a sort of phrenzy, he then mounted the tree: the bough, on which his kite was entangled, hung over the water; he snatched at the string, and, dragging it with all his force, endeavoured to pull it away. In this he did not succeed, but moved nearer the end of the bough than he intended. George, who was observing him, advised him not to venture too far, as the bough was not strong enough to bear him. Philip, instead of attending to this caution, desired him not to interfere with what did not concern him; he wanted none of his advice, and should pay no attention to it. George was silent, but kept his place. This

added to the anger of his companion, who, with all his efforts, could not disengage the string. At length, he took out his knife, to cut it, and, stretching his arm, thought he had reached it: he missed his aim, however, and being thrown much forwarder than he expected, and losing his hold, he fell with great velocity into the water. As soon as he felt himself going, he uttered a violent scream. George, who saw his danger, and was prepared for its effects, threw himself into the pond, and almost immediately brought his terrified companion to the shore.

The quantity of water, which Philip had swallowed, for some minutes almost suffocated him; and when, at length, he opened his eyes, and was somewhat recovered, the idea of whom he was obliged to, took from him all satisfaction in his deliverance. His haughty spirit could not brook a favour, where he felt so unjust a dislike; and, in-

stead of thanking George, he walked sullenly home, the water dropping from him at every step.

Just as he reached the house, he met one of his servants, coming to tell him dinner was ready. Instead of answering, he seized the poor negro, and beat him violently, for not being near the spot to assist him when he had fallen. This was observed from the parlour window by Mr. Sandford, who expostulated with him on such injustice, and rescued the domestic from his merciless power. In answer to the remonstrances of Mr. Sandford, Philip answered he was only beating a servant, an *inferior*, and it was very strange if there were any harm in that.

"It would be much stranger," replied Mr. Sandford, "if there were not; however," added he, "I would advise you not to encourage such doctrine, lest it should be enforced upon yourself"

"Upon *me!*" replied Philip, the colour mounting to his face; "I should be glad to know who dare touch *me.*"

"Upon your own principle," replied Mr. Sandford, calmly, "certainly none but your superiors. But exalted as you think yourself, I can assure you, I have not often seen those to whom you must not stoop. The superiority of riches, where the mind is uninformed, and the heart corrupted by a thousand faults, is very trifling, indeed, and must expose the boaster to the contempt of the worthy, and the derision of his equals."

Philip made no answer, but silently wished himself at Bengal, where his claims were undisputed, and his authority was supreme. But chiefly against George he harboured resentment; and he determined to lose no opportunity of shewing his anger.

George was not only a boy of excellent disposition, but he had also made a very

considerable progress in learning; and, with that fondness for study so natural to the well-informed, he spent many of his hours in his own apartment. He had a large closet, fitted up as a library, and here he arranged his books, his drawing utensils, maps, pictures, &c. Here he amused, and here he improved himself; and so exact was the order in which every thing was arranged, that he could find immediately whatever he wanted. His fondness for this place was well known, and also how unpleasant it was to him to have any thing deranged.

Philip had brought with him from Bengal a monkey, which played a thousand droll diverting tricks; but it was extremely mischievous, and, when offended, very spiteful and dangerous. It knew its master, and had been so well tutored by blows to submission, that it obeyed him even with a look; but this obedience extended no farther: and

so frequent had been the depredations it had committed in Mr. Sandford's house, and so constant was the terror in which it kept the children, that Mr. Sandford threatened to send it away; and nothing but its master's entreaties had hitherto prevented that threat from being put into execution. Philip, well acquainted with the destructive powers of his favourite, resolved to make it the instrument of his vengeance. He well knew, if he could put the monkey into George's closet, order and exactness would soon be at an end. Nothing, he was certain, would so completely grieve and mortify his companion, as to have the nice regularity of his book-shelves, and the neat arrangement of his pencils, &c. destroyed: to effect this, therefore, was, to a mind like that of our East Indian, most desirable.

One afternoon, George went to drink tea with a friend. Philip was invited; but a

bad headache kept him at home. He had been so little used to suffering of any kind, that his fretfulness and impatience on this occasion were beyond conception. He was really unwell, yet the malignancy of his heart was not subdued; and though it was painful to him to stir, or make any effort, he resolved not to lose so favourable an opportunity of completing his revenge. He took the monkey secretly and put him into the closet; then shut the door softly, and went down stairs; well knowing that his favourite would not be idle. He was soon after so much worse, that he was obliged to go to bed; and there his own feelings occupied him so entirely, that he forgot not only the monkey, but even the malicious triumph he had expected to enjoy.

George did not return till it was late, and then, wishing his friends good-night, he went to his own room.—But what a scene awaited

him there! The books, which he had left so carefully arranged, were thrown in all directions about the apartment; many of the leaves were literally torn to atoms; and some beautiful engravings were saturated with the contents of an inkstand, which had been overturned in the general work of destruction!

Not all the fortitude which George possessed could enable him to support this heart-rending scene. He recollected that the savings of many years, and the presents of many liberal friends, could not soon or easily be replaced, as Mr. Sandford was not in opulent circumstances; and when he gazed on the splendid bindings, the costly plates, and the beautiful maps, which now lay around him in one mass of ruin, he burst into a flood of tears, and bitterly lamented the accident which had befallen him.

Mr. Sandford, on being apprised of this

distressing circumstance, hastened to his afflicted son, and, assured him that his library should be replaced, as far as his income would permit; and the monkey was immediately sent away, that no more mischief might be effected by its instrumentality.

The servant, who was now called to pick up the scattered papers and adjust the apartment, remarked that she had feared master Philip had no good design in taking that ugly creature into the library. "I saw him," said she, "approaching the room, with the monkey under his arm; but I concealed myself from his view behind the door of the opposite apartment, fearing that he might put the beast upon me, as he has endeavoured to do on former occasions."

"But he could not be so cruel," cried George, "as to put him into my room; he must know that every thing would be destroyed."

"I'll be bound he did, sir. Why, sir, that is nothing to what they say he used to do in Bengal. I am sure, to hear the poor boys tell what they have suffered, would melt the very stones."

George made no answer; but he could not help secretly wishing such an inmate had never entered their dwelling; as, from the moment of his arrival, all domestic comfort had been destroyed. George, however, was of too gentle and generous a disposition to harbour resentment; and though his regret continued, his anger soon subsided.

Next morning, Philip was considerably worse, and, when medical assistance was sent for, he was declared to have the small-pox. It had been in contemplation to have him inoculated. This information, therefore, spread general alarm; particularly as the disorder put on its worst appearance. In a short time, he was in a very alarming state;

and nearly a fortnight elapsed before he was pronounced out of danger. When once in a convalescent state, George was a constant guest in his room, and tried, by every means in his power, to divert the wearisomeness of a sick bed. Philip was blind; and whilst he lay in this state of suffering, he had sufficient leisure to contemplate the kindness of one whom he had taken such pains to injure. He was ignorant of the fatal success of his scheme; and, though he wished to be informed, yet he dared make no inquiries. At length, he ventured to ask about his monkey. George looked at him, and, for a few minutes, made no answer. At length, he said, "My father has sent him away; and when you are well, and can see how he has destroyed every thing in my closet, you will think he ought not to have been kept."

This gentle remonstrance, which Philip knew he was unworthy of, pierced him with

the first feelings of compunction he had ever known. He was now on a sick bed, where his ideal superiority was of little avail. Every one who would administer to his ease, or comfort, must be dear to him, for he could do nothing for himself. Amongst those who had been most ready and most uniform in their attentions, was George; and, convinced how basely he had injured him, Philip burst into a flood of tears. His kind companion took his hand, and, in the most soothing tone, asked him the cause of this emotion? It was some time before he could answer, and then he acknowledged that he had put the monkey into the room.

George, who had before known this, testified no surprise: the situation of the offender disarmed resentment, and, therefore, he was silent.

Philip observed this, and at length said,—

"I perceive you will not forgive me, though I now regret what I have done so much, that you need wish me no severer punishment."

"Indeed I do most sincerely forgive you," replied George. "I wish the affair had not happened, as you know my father is not able to replace my loss immediately; but I now endeavour to forget it, and, in a little time, I hope, I shall."

Philip was penetrated by this speech; and the first act of his recovery was to replace, as exactly as he could, what his ungenerous revenge had destroyed. He did more;—he endeavoured to correct dispositions so baneful to his peace, and which, if indulged, must ultimately have destroyed his own happiness, and led to a train of vices always followed by shame and disgrace.

To eradicate faults, which so many years had strengthened, was a long and difficult

task; but perseverance and resolution can do much; and though frequent relapses shewed the East Indian how much he had yet to do, a steady perseverance was at length crowned with success. Not more distinguished by his affluent fortune than by his amiable character, he dispensed good to all around; and he found, in the constant practice of virtue, and the approbation of his own conscience, a pure and exalted felicity, which the mere possession of rank and fortune could never have bestowed.

IV.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT REVOKED.

BENEVENTO and his queen, Rosalind, had long reigned happily over the flourishing kingdom of Rosyland, when a circumstance occurred which interrupted the felicity they had hitherto enjoyed.

The conversation happening, one day, to turn upon the supposed power of fairies, Rosalind said she was convinced it was merely ideal, and, laughingly, told her consort, that if he were desirous of raising an army, the old queen of the fairies herself, with all her pretended influence, would be unable to bring him a single recruit.

These words were scarcely uttered, when a loud noise was heard upon the staircase, the doors of the royal apartment were suddenly thrown open, and Violenta, the queen of the fairies, entered, with a frown upon her brow,

and a voice half choked by anger. "Madam," said she, addressing Rosalind, "you have thought proper both to question and to ridicule my power; but I am resolved to convince you of your mistake. In the ensuing spring you shall have a son, the impetuosity of whose temper shall cause him more misfortunes than yet have befallen any young prince." She then disappeared, leaving the king and queen in great consternation. But as they saw nothing more of the fairy, they soon thought no more of her prediction.

Some months after this, the queen had a son, whom she called Lindor, and both she and Benevento were completely charmed with him. Now the queen of the fairies was not ill-natured, though she had a violent temper; so, when she began to cool a little, she was sorry for what she had done, and would willingly have revoked her fatal gift to the young prince; but as no fairy can

take back what she has once given, she resolved to prevent the effects of what she had done, as much as lay in her power. Accordingly, she seized her opportunity, one day that the nurse had carelessly left him by himself, and carried him away to a castle she had, in a vast desert; intending to educate him there in a manner that might counteract the natural impetuosity of his disposition. In this, however, she failed; for, though she often gave him very good advice, at other times she would fall into such a terrible passion herself, that her remonstrances were of little use to him, as they were not enforced by her own example. When he was grown up, she feared that (perceiving the difference between fairies and mortals) he would know she could not be his mother, and would leave her in quest of his real parents. She, therefore, frankly owned the truth to him, enlarging, at the same time,

upon the obligations she had conferred on him, by taking him from a court where his violence of disposition would have been rather encouraged than checked. Lindor, upon hearing this, flew into a violent passion: "What!" said he, "was it not enough to give me such a curse, even before I was born, but you must, under pretence of abating its effects, take me from my parents and my country, and keep me, buried alive almost, in this dreary solitude, a prey to *your* violent temper!—But I am deceived no longer; and this moment I will go to seek my parents, who have so long deplored my loss."

By earnest entreaties and fond persuasives she induced him, for the present, to lay aside this project; but, shortly afterwards, he quitted the castle, resolving never again to return. He walked for some time through the woods, without discovering any of the wild beasts with which they were infested;

but, at length, he perceived an uncommonly large lion advancing towards him. As he was completely unarmed, Lindor naturally gave himself up for lost; but, at this critical moment, a beautiful female rose from the earth, and, striking the lion with a little wand, said, "I forbid thee to touch the Prince of Rosyland." The lion immediately walked away, and Lindor threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and was going to express his gratitude, but she interrupted him. "Prince," said she, "I should not deserve to be called a fairy, if I neglected any opportunity of using my power in behalf of the unfortunate." — She then struck the ground with the same wand, and there rose up a fine palace, into which they both entered, and sat down to a magnificent banquet. The prince, having made many acknowledgments for the favour conferred on him, said to her, "Beautiful fairy, though I saw you

ascend from the earth, I cannot but think you must be of a higher order."—"'Tis true, prince," answered she, "I belong to those fairies that inhabit the regions above the air, and I had merely descended into the earth to redress the grievances of some poor slaves, who had been condemned to work in the mines. They complained bitterly that there was such a quantity of gold and silver, that they would be forced to work there all their lives; so I removed a great deal of it for them, and now they will soon be liberated from their miserable condition." — "How good you are," cried Lindor, "to interest yourself in the affairs of such poor wretches as those! Oh that Violenta resembled you?"

"Hush! prince," said Celestina, (for that was the fairy's name,) "you must not speak disrespectfully of our queen; she is violent, but she never does premeditated mischief;

yet she has exasperated you. I know your story; I also know your parents, and approve of your seeking them; but, before you pursue your journey, I will give you some advice, that will be necessary to you."

"No, beautiful Celestina," said Lindor, "all my hopes of happiness centre here; and if you think the prince of Rosyland worthy to be united to you, I will never leave you, but try to shew, by every attention in my power, that I am not unworthy of you."

"Lindor," replied the fairy, "your proposal is wild and impracticable. It is impossible for a mortal and a fairy to be happy together. Their natures and pursuits are too different for them ever to agree. Besides, if it were not so, do you forget that you are in search of your parents? Recover your rank, fulfil what you were intended for, and then you shall return to me, and marry a charming princess, whom I have in view for

you; but caution is necessary in the business you are going to undertake, so listen to the advice I am about to give you."

"Cruel Celestina!" cried Lindor, "you wish to veil your contempt of me under these specious pretexts; but you shall have this despised object before your eyes no longer." So saying, he immediately left her, and set out on his travels. On arriving in the kingdom of Rosyland, the first sounds that struck his ear were those of rejoicing bells; and, upon his asking the reason, he was informed that it was for the coronation of the new king, Orasmin.

"What!" exclaimed Lindor, "is the good king Benevento dead?"

"He was buried last week," answered the man he inquired of.

"And is the queen-dowager alive?" said Lindor.

"Yes," answered his informer; "but I

think this second stroke will break her heart. About eighteen or nineteen years ago, her only son was stolen away, in an unaccountable manner; and though she has had Prince Orasmin since, nothing has been able completely to console her for the loss of her eldest son."

Though Lindor was greatly distressed at hearing of the death of his father, he anticipated, with delight, the idea of removing part of his mother's sorrow by his presence. He hastened, therefore, to the palace, and, in his usual impetuous way, immediately announced himself as the prince, who had been so long thought dead. The guards, at first, would not let him pass; but he forced his way, and hastened directly to the queen. When she had heard his story, and was assured he was her long-lost Lindor, nothing could equal her joy.

After the first transports were over, Lin-

dor said, he feared the new king would be unwilling to give up his throne to a brother he had never seen, and whom he had, with so much reason, thought to be dead.

"On the contrary," answered the queen, "he will rejoice to find you here; for though he never saw you, he has such a tender heart, that I have often heard him lament your loss with the deepest sorrow."

At this instant, Orasmin entered the room.

"See, my dear son," cried the queen, presenting Lindor to him, "here is our long-lost Lindor at length restored to our wishes! I am sure your joy at finding him again, will amply compensate for the loss of your crown, to which, as elder brother, he is entitled."

At these words, Orasmin started back; his countenance bearing evident marks of surprise and disappointment. Recovering himself, in a few minutes, however, he ran to Lindor, and, embracing him, exclaimed, "My

dearest brother, our mother has only anticipated my own sentiments. Come now to dinner, and to-morrow I will prepare this kingdom to receive a much worthier sovereign than I am." He said a great many more kind things to him; and, after dinner, proposed a hunting-match, which Lindor agreed to. It was almost night before they returned from the chase, and they found the queen had already retired to rest. Lindor begged of his brother to dispense with his attendance at supper, as he was much fatigued. Orasmin, therefore, attended him himself to his chamber, and there left him—"Adieu, brother, for to-night," said he, "before to-morrow's setting sun, all Rosyland shall hail you as its king."

When Lindor was alone, he gave himself up to the most delightful ideas of his future happiness.

"Who knows," said he to himself, "but

Celestina only talked of caution, to see if I were timorous; and that, pleased with my having behaved in such a spirited manner, she will accept my hand. It must be so—she cannot be unkind; and as to caution, did not my mother and brother receive me with the greatest joy? I am sure no treachery can lurk under the mild countenance of Orasmin."

Sleep overtook him in the midst of these delightful reveries, and he dreamed that the beautiful Celestina appeared to him, and urged him to leave the palace immediately: he hesitated a long time at obeying her, till, at length, she cried out, "Then farewel, unfortunate prince; I fear I shall never see you again;" and immediately vanished.

This extraordinary dream awoke him, and, looking around, he saw four men with masks on, who directly seized and bound him; and then conducted him through a long winding

passage to a deep dungeon, which they put him into, and locked the door upon him. Lindor was at first lost in surprise at what had happened to him. But, when he had recovered himself a little, he felt all the misery of his situation Yet still, being of an intrepid spirit, he did not abandon himself to despair, but looked around him to try some means of escape; it was, however, all in vain. He endeavoured to find out who could have confined him; he could not suspect his brother, who had behaved so kindly, yet he did not even know another man in Rosyland. He was thus lost in doubt and perplexity, when his gaoler entered the dungeon.

"Tell me," cried Lindor to him, assuming a dignified air; "tell me who has dared thus to use me, who have a right to the throne of Rosyland?"

"Why," answered the fellow, contemptu-

ously, "if you must know who it was that confined you, it was one who has a *greater* right to the throne than yourself."

"That is impossible," cried Lindor: "tell me, this instant, whom you mean."

"Why," answered the gaoler, "I mean the king Orasmin: it was by his orders that you were put here, that you might not impose on people's credulity any longer."

"Oh, the hypocrite!" cried Lindor; "he knew who I was, and has only sacrificed me to gratify his own ambition. But I shall not long remain so; my dear mother will never rest till she has rescued her unfortunate son. What must not her grief be at this moment!"

"As to that," said the gaoler, "you need not trouble yourself; for she whom you call your mother, has just breathed her last. The king wishing not to brand you as an impostor, though he had discovered the

whole truth, pretended to the queen that you were killed by a stag, which grieved her so much, that she did not survive the news two hours. The king, though obliged to punish you for your daring falsehood, in trying to make people believe you were Prince Lindor, yet is kind enough not to spread abroad your wickedness, and it is a secret, at this moment, that you are alive." The gaoler then left Lindor in an agony of grief.

"Oh!" said he, "had I listened to my dearest Celestina's advice, I might, by timely caution, have avoided all these dreadful evils; but my impetuosity hurried me on—I would not listen to her voice, and I am now but justly punished. Cruel Violenta! to have endowed me with such a fatal gift, without giving me strength to resist it!"—Such were the melancholy reflections that were his only companions for more than a year, except

when his gaoler came to give him his wretched meal. At length, even this was discontinued; and after three days, in which Lindor had taken no sustenance, he felt himself so weak, that he thought his end must be approaching, which he was rather glad of; and, being exhausted with hunger and sorrow, he fell into a swoon.

He remained some hours in this condition; and great was his astonishment, on recovering from it, to find himself in Celestina's palace, with Celestina sitting beside him. "Be not surprised, prince," said she, "to find yourself here. You might have been sure I would never forsake you; and I took the first opportunity of delivering you from your miserable situation. But come, you want refreshment most of all; therefore I will wait till after dinner to tell you how I was enabled to effect your escape."

After Lindor had satisfied his hunger, he

begged of Celestina to explain the way in which she had rescued him. "I will keep you no longer in suspense," answered she; "but, first, I must tell you a little of your brother Orasmin; he is of a most artful and cruel disposition—so artful, that he made his mother believe he was the most tender-hearted creature in the world. Your sudden appearance filled him with surprise and grief: but he lost not a moment in determining what he would do: he easily bribed some villains to perpetrate his designs—and you know how soon they were executed. As the queen died almost directly after that, he was left entirely to his own devices, and he grew worse and worse every day, till, at length, the people, being wearied with his tyranny, assembled tumultuously, and attacked the palace, resolving to destroy all those who sided with the tyrant. Orasmin must have been killed, for no one he could have met

would have shewn him any mercy. I took advantage of the tumult, and flew to your prison, which was already thrown open. I placed you in my chariot, and, in a few moments, we arrived at this palace, where I have now the pleasure of seeing you in safety."

"Ah! my beloved Celestina," cried Lindor, "I owe you more than I can ever repay; but every thing that has happened convinces me more and more that we were intended never to be separated; you see I have met with nothing but misfortunes since I left you."

"Your misfortunes, Lindor," answered the fairy, "did not arise from your leaving me, but from your not listening to the caution I wished to give you; for I knew the character of Orasmin. But, you may remember, when I offered you my advice, you was so angry that you left me directly.

"You cannot now," she added, "become

king of Rosyland; for the ringleader of the rebels has usurped the throne; and the people are so enraged with the late king, that they would tear to pieces any one who was related to him. I would, therefore, advise you, my dear Lindor, to travel into foreign countries, to observe their manners and customs; and, by the time you return, some favourable revolution may have taken place in your kingdom, which will restore it to you. At least, travelling will serve to divert the melancholy you now feel; and, be assured, you shall always have my best help and protection. I have provided an excellent horse for you; and the sooner you set out the better."

"Ah! why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?" said Lindor. "Let me stay here *to-day*, and *to-morrow*. I will then leave you, perhaps never to see you more."

"No, Lindor," she replied; "you must

go now. You had better visit the Kingdom of Myrtles first; and if you are in want of a lodging, the king himself will receive you kindly, for he is remarkable for hospitality to strangers."

When Lindor was ready for his departure, the fairy gave him a diamond star, of uncommon lustre, with her name in beautiful sapphires round it. "Wear this, Prince," said she; "and whenever you look at it, remember that I will never forsake you."

Lindor then set out for the Kingdom of Myrtles. When he entered it, he could not help admiring it; yet it was rather a beautiful country than a magnificent kingdom; for there were no regularly built towns, as the climate was too warm for brick or stone houses. They were all like large bowers, formed of various flowery and odoriferous shrubs; but the interior of each habitation was perfectly elegant and convenient. Lin-

dor was directed to the king's palace by a long avenue of all sorts of fruit trees interwoven together. When he came to the palace-gate he was met by a number of young slaves, dancing and singing, who, on perceiving him, immediately ran into the palace. Lindor thought this was no very hospitable reception; but presently the old king came out to meet him, and said, "You are welcome, my dear son, we have been expecting you; and I will now introduce you to my daughter Ardelia."

Lindor was so surprised at this address, that he was unable to answer a word, being completely lost in conjectures upon the subject. But if he were surprised then, how much greater was his astonishment, when, on the king's introducing him to Ardelia, he saw the fairy Celestina with her. He cast an anxious and inquiring glance around him, without uttering a syllable.

"My dear Ardelia," said she to the princess, "you must pardon the silence of this young prince; it is the first time of his seeing such beauty as yours."

Lindor then said something to the princess, which he meant for a compliment; but, though she was indeed very lovely, he never felt himself in a less complimenting mood.

The old king, attributing his silence to a different cause, said to him,—"I do not wonder at your admiring my Ardelia, my dear son, for such you shall be before to-morrow evening."

Soon after this, the king and princess retired; and Lindor, being left alone with Celestina, asked her the meaning of all this.

"Do not be angry with me, Lindor," answered she, "for having brought you here; for I have nothing in view but your happiness. This is the young princess,

whom I have long intended for you. You must confess she is very beautiful."

"I did not take much notice of her," said Lindor.

"Well," continued the fairy, "as I saw you obstinately bent against your own happiness, I knew it would be in vain to argue with you, so I only advised your travelling. I had prepared this good king to receive you, and told him of the diamond star with my name on it, that he might know you; in short, I concealed nothing from him but your obstinacy. He will unite you immediately to his daughter, who is as amiable as she is beautiful; and he will give you half his territory as a marriage portion; and after his death he will leave you the sovereignty of the whole."

"I can answer nothing to what you say, Celestina," answered Lindor; "you know

my heart, and how difficult it is for me to obey you."

"Do not speak thus, Lindor," said she. "If you will for this once take my advice, you will soon find I was right.—Farewel! I am suddenly called away to Fairyland; but to-morrow I shall be in my palace, ready to receive you and your princess; for she has promised to visit me."

So saying, the fairy vanished, and Lindor was left to make his own reflections upon what she had said. At first, he thought, that perhaps the only proof he could ever give of his gratitude, was in obeying her now; and he was for a moment determined to do so. Then, he could not resolve to make such a sacrifice, but thought that if he tried once more to see her she would marry him. He therefore resolved, on retiring to rest, that he would make one more effort to obtain her, before he abandoned his

project entirely; and at an early hour the next morning, he quitted the palace by a private passage, mounted his horse, and arrived in a few hours at the fairy's palace.

She appeared much surprised to see him come by himself, and inquired where the princess was.

"Oh, Celestina!" answered he, "I was incapable of performing the sacrifice you exacted of me, and am come to intreat you not to drive me to despair, by refusing to become mine."

The fairy, knowing it would be in vain to argue with him, said, "Well, Lindor, I will marry you; on condition that the moment it is disagreeable to you, our marriage shall be dissolved."

Lindor having eagerly acceded to this proposal, the ceremony was immediately performed; and then she took him in her chariot, drawn by six doves, and drove off for Fairyland.

They rode through the air, for a long time, at a prodigious rate. Lindor was at first very much pleased at this new mode of travelling; but in a few hours he began to be hungry, and asked Celestina if she had not put some provisions in the chariot.

"Oh, prince!" she answered, "we fairies never eat, (you might have observed that when you ate at my palace, I never joined you;) and my servants thought, as you were my husband, you did not either.—I am sorry for it; but we shall soon be at Fairyland, and I will send a little fairy down to the earth to get you something to eat."

Lindor thanked her, and they went on for some time, till suddenly a sort of new light burst upon them, and they arrived at a great gate made of a single diamond, so dazzling that Lindor was obliged to shut his eyes while the fairy threw it open—"Welcome, prince, to Fairyland!" said she. He opened

his eyes, and found himself in utter darkness.—"Is this dark place Fairyland, Celestina?" said he; but no Celestina answered. He called her again and again, and groped about, but could not find her; at length, having searched and called for above an hour without effect, he gave himself up to despair.

"Perfidious fairy!" he cried, "you enticed me from earth under pretence of granting my wishes, only to plunge me into a more dreadful situation than I ever yet was in. You are gone yourself to Fairyland, and have left me to languish out my life in this vast and dreadful void, between our world and the regions which you inhabit!"

While he was thus venting his rage and grief, a ray of light illuminated the obscurity he was in, and discovered Celestina to his sight; she gave him her hand, "Come Lindor," said she, "you have waited here long enough; now you shall really come

into Fairyland. The cause of my having left you here is, that there is a law, I cannot violate, which obliges all mortals who enter Fairyland, to stay in this darkness for a certain time. But now you need wait no longer."

Lindor with joy obeyed this delightful summons. They entered Fairyland, the beauty and magnificence of which was beyond all description. The most superb palaces of the East were quite mean in comparison with those of Fairyland: and in other parts, it excelled, in a great degree, the finest country on earth, for the beauty of the walks and prospects. The prince stood for some time in admiration of this beautiful sight.

"Now, Lindor," said Celestina, "I will introduce you to your future friends."—So saying, she led him towards one of the palaces, from which issued the smell of a

feast: as they approached it, the smell grew stronger and stronger.

"Aha!" thought Lindor, "Celestina had a mind to banter me, when she said that fairies never eat; they are feasting now, I am sure." Celestina then brought him into a hall, where there was a great number of male and female fairies sitting in a circle. They instantly made room for Celestina, and she introduced Lindor to them. They hardly deigned to look at him, and, muttering something about "impertinent intrusion," all quitted the apartment. This put Lindor (who was not used to be treated so contemptuously) in a great passion; he drew his sword, and declared he would shew them that *The Prince of Rosyland* was not to be insulted with impunity. "Stop, Lindor," cried Celestina, "remember they are not mortal, and, therefore, any attempts to chastise them will be in vain. Such an attempt

would only procure your immediate expulsion from Fairyland." She thus prevailed on him to make peace with the fairies. "And now," said he, "will you give me my dinner? Why did you pretend to me that fairies did not eat, when they must have been going to dinner as I came in? For there was a most savory smell in the room."

"That smell," answered Celestina, "is all we fairies live upon—and it is as nourishing to us as meat and drink would be to you. But I have sent a little fairy, as I promised, to get some provisions for you, and I expect her back very soon, and she shall go on the same errand every day." Just then the little fairy entered, bearing an amber basket full of eatables, upon which Lindor made a very hearty meal.

"Now prince," said Celestina, "you shall come and see your friends, the fairies, if you like. But when you are tired of company,

the palace next to this is wholly yours." She then shewed it to him; he admired it very much, but told her he had rather defer another visit to the fairies till he had taken a walk about Fairyland, to reconnoitre it a little. She accompanied him, and pointed out the several beauties of it, so that he was quite enchanted. It was now growing late, and he had no idea of returning, when Celestina told him, "he must go to a ball, which the queen of the fairies gave that night." At the name of Queen of the Fairies, Lindor started; for he feared that Violenta might retain some resentment for the way in which he had left her, and that she would revenge herself on him some way or other. He, therefore, asked Celestina tremblingly, if Violenta were still queen of the fairies?

"Yes," answered Celestina, "but don't let that frighten you; I am in high favour with her at present, and I am sure I have

interest enough to hinder her playing you any ill-natured trick." This comforted Lindor a little, and he consented to appear at the ball.

Violenta received him coldly, but without any marks of resentment, which was all he could, in reason, expect from her. After the ball, they had the *smell* of a nice supper, and then they broke up for the night.

Lindor and Celestina now retired to their own palace. — "Well, Lindor," said she, when they were alone, "how do you like our life at Fairyland?"

"Very well," answered Lindor; "but if it were a desert, I should still be happy with you."

"You don't like Fairyland much in *itself*, then?" said Celestina.

"I am enchanted with the *place*," replied Lindor; "but, since you force me to acknowledge it, there is a haughtiness in the

manners of the fairies towards me that I do not like."

"I fear I cannot remedy that," said she. "The fairies think it such a favour when they visit any one on earth, that they consider that mortal very audacious indeed, who dares to set foot in the sacred region of Fairyland. I don't give you these as my own sentiments, my dear Lindor; far otherwise: and I hope the rest of my companions will soon find that your *mind* is almost equal to a fairy's, and then they will really esteem you." This little flattery raised Lindor's drooping spirits, and he resolved not to be so easily affronted in future.

He had now spent nearly a year in Fairyland; half the time happy in Celestina's society, half the time inwardly fretting at the little respect with which he was treated by the fairies.

He could not help sometimes thinking of

how much more consequence he would have been, had he married the princess Ardelia. Besides, though Celestina was very kind and affectionate to him, he could not but see that she condescended, and that she was of a superior nature.

Yet though these were often his reflections, he might have remained in Fairyland much longer, but for an accident that shewed the violence of his temper in a great degree.

One day, as he was walking alone in one of the beautiful groves with which Fairyland abounds, anxiously expecting Celestina's return, (for she had been absent a few days on the earth,) he was met by a male fairy, who accosted him sarcastically, saying, "Ho! great Prince of Rosyland, are you here? You have absented yourself from our court so long, that we were in hopes you had returned to your senses and the earth!" This speech made Lindor so angry, that, forgetting Ce-

lestina's injunctions, he instantly drew his sword, and attacked the young fairy; who, without moving, looked at him with a contemptuous smile, and stamped with his foot. Immediately all the fairies appeared in a body; they set up a hideous cry at such an affront being offered to a fairy, and they unanimously kicked him out of Fairyland.

Lindor was at first stunned by his fall, but on recovering, found himself just by the palace in which he had first seen Celestina. He entered it, but found no one there. He concluded that Celestina must have returned to Fairyland, which she never left but on particular occasions of doing good. He lamented the probability that he should never see her again: "Ah!" cried he, "I have now lost my guardian friend and protectress! For she will interest herself no longer in my favour, when she hears for what reason I have been banished from Fairyland."

In order to divert these melancholy reflections, he went into the garden. He had hardly entered it when he saw Celestina there, sitting under a tree. "Come, Lindor," said she, "I have been expecting you." Lindor fell at her feet, unable to utter a word; but Celestina kindly raised him, and said, "Do not suppose I am angry with you, Lindor; on the contrary, I foresaw that when you were out of my sight, your animosity against the fairies would break out; but if you are now convinced of the absurdity of your former wishes, and will be less impetuous in future, I shall look upon this misfortune as the happiest event of your life. This instant our marriage is dissolved, but I shall ever continue your guardian and friend." Lindor was so overcome with surprise and gratitude, that for some time he was unable to answer; at length he found words to express his high

sense of all her favours, and promised never to do any thing in future without her advice and approbation.

The next day she said to him, "I have joyful news to tell you, my dear Lindor; you have now a good prospect of regaining your kingdom. Your people are groaning under the oppression of Leonatus (the ringleader of the people who stormed the palace,) and if you now made the attempt, I am sure they would all flock to your standard."

Rejoiced at this news, Lindor exclaimed, "Let us not delay a minute—let us set off for Rosyland this instant! I am sure, Celestina, you will assist me; already, I think, I hear the acclamations of my people, while I ride through a vast concourse in triumph, after having killed Leonatus.—Come, dear Celestina; this very moment."

"Till you learn to moderate this impatience, prince," said the fairy gravely, "you

will never succeed in any thing you undertake."

"I will be as patient as you please," answered he, "as soon as I am king of Rosyland, till then—oh, do not let us delay any longer!"

"Go then," said the fairy—"I meant to give you some advice, without which you can never succeed. But go: do as well as you can without it; you have my good wishes."

"You wrong me, Celestina," said he; "you know I am always willing to listen to *your* advice."

"Well then," said she, "I will tell you what I was going to say. Though I will do all I can for you, I cannot give you a large army; for if Violenta knew that I was helping you, she would banish me from Fairyland; for she only let you stay there because she foresaw what would happen to

you in the end. I can, therefore, only give you a little handful of men, who are my faithful servants. But their number is so small, that were they to attempt to face the hosts which the usurper's power would instantly call together——

"So," cried Lindor, interrupting her impatiently, "the intention of your advice is to make me give up my project entirely.—What then am I to do?"

"To listen to me," answered the fairy calmly. "As your men are too insignificant to face the enemy openly, stratagem must supply the place of force. You must enter your kingdom by night, and I will help you to get reinforcements of the people, without spreading abroad a report of your intentions, which, by alarming Leonatus and his partisans, might defeat your purpose. By the time you arrive near the palace, you will have got a considerable army, while Leo-

natus will still be ignorant of his danger. So that before he can collect any troops, you will have gained a complete and easy victory over him; and you will be firmly established on the throne of your ancestors."

"What!" said Lindor, with his usual impetuosity, "must I enter *my own kingdom* by night like a thief, and try to *persuade* those, whose duty it is to *obey* me?"

"I acknowledge that it *is* their duty to obey you," answered she; "all I say is, that it will be rather difficult to make them do their duty, if you do not set about it prudently."

"Well," said Lindor, "you may think what you please of my ideas on this subject —they may be imprudent, but nothing shall persuade me to commit a meanness, of which I think even my enemy incapable." He then abruptly left the palace.

"Unfortunate prince!" cried Celestina,

"Violenta's fatal gift ever manifests itself. Even at this moment you are going off in a passion with me, your best friend, without knowing where to get a single soldier. But I am not so inattentive to your welfare."

She then struck with her wand, and immediately all her servants appeared, amounting to about fifty men. She told them which way Lindor was gone, and how they might know him. She then made them all promise never to desert him. "And tell him from me," said she, "to reflect upon what I have been saying to him, before he begins this enterprize." She then vanished for Fairyland.

Her servants having met the prince and delivered the fairy's message to him, he said, "I am much obliged to Celestina, and I believe she has really my interest at heart, but she cannot be expected to know any thing of war. Come, my friends, have courage, and our enterprize will be crowned with success;

and when I am king of Rosyland——" Here his harangue was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a party of soldiers from Rosyland: Lindor immediately knew who they were; and, giving the signal to his men, fell upon them with such fury, that they soon left but one soldier alive. Lindor's men were going to take him prisoner, but the Prince's vanity would not allow that. "Let him return to Rosyland," said he, "and tell his countrymen they had better immediately submit to their lawful sovereign (of whose prowess he has so lately had a specimen,) or they may fear the worst."

The soldier profited by this permission, and returned to Rosyland. Lindor had hardly done felicitating himself on his success, when he saw an immense body of Rosyland troops, with Leonatus at their head, advancing towards him. He now repented of that silly vanity which, in letting the sol-

dier go, to celebrate his victory, had given an alarm to the usurper so soon. But it was no time now to make reflections, for the Rosyland troops were ready to encounter his. He animated his men as well as he could, telling them he was sure of conquering, by the protection of the fairy Celestina; for he forgot how little he had deserved it. The Rosyland troops began the attack furiously; Lindor's men fought very bravely, but there were at least twenty to each of them, so that most of them were killed, and the rest taken prisoners. It was almost impossible for Lindor to escape; but, as necessity is the mother of invention, amidst the tumult of victory he threw off the star and dress that distinguished him, and hastily putting on that of a dead Rosyland soldier, mixed among the rest. The ranks were so broken, that they proceeded towards Rosyland with great irregularity, so that he contrived to slip into

some bushes by the side of a forest near which they had to pass.

This forest was very extensive, and as he walked on, often interrupted by the brambles and underwood, and without any knowledge of the way, he soon lost himself in it; and to add to his perplexity, it was growing very dark. He thought, therefore, the best thing he could do was to rest under a tree till the morning; yet this was very uncomfortable, for the night was uncommonly stormy, and there fell incessant showers of rain.—At length, he thought he perceived a glimmering light at a distance; he advanced towards it, and found an old woman, with a lantern in her hand, picking up some sticks.

"Good mother," said he, "this is but an uncomfortable employment this stormy night."

"I don't mind that, my son," answered she, "if I can but find fuel enough to light

my fire. But you seem in want of a lodging: if you will come with me, you are welcome to pass the night in my cottage."

Lindor thankfully accepted this offer, and, on reaching the cottage, she asked him if he would not like some supper? On his answering that he was very hungry, she instantly arose to prepare it for him.

"I must leave you for a short time," said she; "but that you may not be lonesome, Mira shall keep you company." She accordingly called down Mira, and then left him. But he had scarcely cast his eyes on this female, when he recognised the Princess Ardelia. She started, and exclaimed, "Excuse me, but your likeness to one whom I knew in more prosperous days, awakes in my mind the remembrance of my past misfortunes. By your dress you are a Rosyland soldier; you may, probably, have heard of Prince Lindor?"

"I am that unfortunate Lindor," answered he, "but I deserve all my misfortunes. But tell me, lovely Ardelia, (for I cannot mistake you,) what reverse of fortune has driven *you* to adopt this disguise?"

The princess was, at first, so surprised at this unexpected meeting, that she could not answer: at length, she said, "Since by chance we have met so unaccountably, and you have so readily acknowledged yourself to be the prince, I think I ought to use the same sincerity with you.—Soon after you left us so unexpectedly, my father was attacked by Leonatus, the usurper of Rosyland, which kingdom I afterwards learned belonged to you. My father was beloved by his subjects, but their number did not amount to one half of the followers of Leonatus. Of course we had the greatest fears for his safety. The good fairy Celestina, hearing of our distress, hastened to the pa-

lace, and addressed me as follows:—'My dear Ardelia, it is not in my power to assist your father, for the queen of the fairies interests herself for the success of Leonatus, and I dare not oppose her; but, at least, I will provide for your safety.'—'No, no,' said I, 'if they kill my father, the power of all the fairies united could not make me less miserable.' I had scarcely uttered these words, when news of my dear parent's defeat and death reached us. I know not what became of me afterwards, till I found myself in this cottage, with the old shepherdess you saw standing by me. She told me that a beautiful lady had brought me to her, and had left a note for me. It contained a few kind lines from Celestina, telling me that I could not return to the Kingdom of Myrtles, as it was entirely in the power of Leonatus; and advising me to stay with the shepherdess, and endeavour to please her.

"I resolved to follow her advice, and have succeeded so well, that she loves me as if I were her own daughter; and I assumed the name of Mira, that my real rank might be the more effectually concealed.—Yet the loss of my dear father preyed so much upon my mind, that I think I should have died before now, but for the consolations of Alphonso, a good old hermit, who lives near this place."

When Ardelia ceased, Lindor, who had been all the time listening to her with the greatest attention, raised his eyes from the ground, and saw old Rose, the shepherdess, entering with the supper.

After the repast, Rose, who was very good-natured, said to Lindor, "Young man, I would willingly keep you always in my hut; but, alas! it is not large enough; there is only just room for Mira and me. But I

know a rich old man named Rufus, who is just now in want of some one to tend his sheep: I will recommend you to him to-morrow, and to-night Mira and I will leave you our room, and sleep in the barn."

Lindor thanked her for her good intentions, but said "he could not think of *her* sleeping in the barn, and that *he* should like it as well as any other place."—"No," said old Rose, "I can give you but one night's lodging, and *that* shall be good."—"Well," said Lindor, "to end the dispute, I will go to Rufus this very night." This forced Rose to give up: she conducted him to her little barn, where there was some clean straw laid for him; and wishing him a good night, left him to rest.

The next morning he took care to put Rose in mind of her promise, to bring him to Rufus.

"Ah!" said she, "I cannot go with you now, I am so busy; but Mira shall show you the way to his house."

He joyfully accepted of this offer; and as they were going along, he said to Ardelia, "I hope Rufus does not live very far off, or I shall lose the only consolation I expected to have under my misfortunes,—the pleasure of your company."

"That is but a small pleasure for you to lose," answered she. "Some time ago, when you saw me, you were not so desirous of my company."

"Ah!" said he, "I was very foolish then; but I have long since repented of it: not for having lost my kingdom, for I now only value it as I might have been able to bestow it on you; but in the loss of your good opinion, which, I fear, I can never regain."

"You have regained it," answered she.

"Be not surprised when I tell you, that I knew of your folly with regard to Celestina, but I was not jealous: she educated me, and a little before you came to us, she told me all your history, that I might not be surprised or disappointed if you left me, or did not like me. Yet, I must confess, your strange behaviour was a great disappointment to me."

These words made Lindor very happy. "I ought not to entreat the continuance of your favour," said he, "now that my impetuous folly has deprived me of a kingdom to offer you."

"As to that," answered Ardelia, sighing, "we are on equal terms; yet, if you now really loved me, we could be as happy in this lowly condition, as if we were possessed of royalty."

"Heavens!" cried Lindor, "my impetuosity has indeed been of service to me; since,

though it has taken from me every thing else, it has restored me to my Ardelia."

While they were thus talking, instead of going straight on to Rufus's, they had wandered along they knew not whither, and Ardelia began to be afraid that old Rose would want her back, and they had lost their way. They did not know what to do, when Ardelia perceived the hermitage of Alphonso.

"Come," said she, "we are near Alphonso's hermitage, and he will tell us the way."

When they arrived at the lowly cell, the hermit came out, and seeing only Ardelia,—"Welcome, my daughter," he said;—"what do you want?"

"Dear father," answered she, "I want to know the way back to my mother's cot; for this young man and I have lost our way."

She then presented Lindor to him; but

the hermit had no sooner cast his eyes on him, than he uttered a deep groan, and fell into a fit. This frightened them exceedingly, and it was some time before they could recover him; and when they had succeeded, great was Lindor's astonishment to discover in this hermit his unnatural brother Orasmin.

"I cannot expect you to forgive me," said Orasmin; "yet never did my conscience reproach me less than at this moment. No, Lindor—till now I thought you dead; for my cruel orders when I was king were, that you should be starved to death. Heaven has averted my evil designs, and I can now die in peace; for I have spent a much longer time here in penitence, than I did in Rosyland in wickedness."

"Ah! my brother," said Lindor, "do not think me of so unforgiving a temper; since you have repented, you are as dear to me as

if you had never injured me. But I heard you were killed when the rebels attacked your palace."

"So it is believed by every one to this day," answered Orasmin. "I escaped with great difficulty in the habit of a female slave, and reached this valley, which, by its obscure situation, seemed well adapted for my retreat. I hid myself three days, not daring to stir out for fear of my pursuers. When my fears were a little abated, instead of being resigned to my fate (which I so well deserved), I fell into a great passion, and vowed revenge on all my enemies; forgetting that I was now without the power of hurting any one. I was so accustomed to make my slaves tremble at my displeasure, that I was quite surprised to find I had exhausted my rage without a single creature's coming near me This had nearly thrown me into a fresh passion, when suddenly a radiant form ap-

peared to me. 'Is it thus, Orasmin,' she said, 'that you resign yourself to a punishment so justly inflicted on you? Repent, and submit yourself to your lot, and perhaps your penitence may be accepted.' I built this little hermitage, changed my name, and made myself look as old as possible, that my person might be less liable to be known. The rest of my time has been spent in penitence and prayer."

"Oh!" cried Lindor impatiently, "the heavenly creature that calmed your mind, could have been no other than my guardian genius, Celestina!"

At this moment, Ardelia burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Go to your beloved Celestina; her very name gives you new life: go, and leave me now for ever."

"How can you, my dear Ardelia," said he, "suspect me of such inconstancy? I shall never love any other but you, and I only

consider Celestina as one who will ever protect both you and me."

"And you now deserve my protection," cried a voice. They raised their eyes, and beheld Celestina descending in a chariot. "Come, my dear children," said she to Lindor and Ardelia; "it is time you should be happy: I am this day elected queen of the fairies; and it is the privilege of our queens on the day of their election, to revoke whatever themselves or their companions have done before, that displeases them. The first use I made of my privilege, was to dispose your people to receive you with joy and gratitude; the second is to revoke Violenta's fatal gift. You are now, and will ever remain, as mild as you were formerly impetuous."

Lindor and Ardelia, overcome with joy and gratitude, fell at the fairy's feet. "Come," said she, raising them, "let me finish what

I was saying; it would be unfair not to give my Ardelia something, while I have restored to Lindor his whole kingdom: I have therefore got back the Kingdom of Myrtles for her."

Lindor then turned to Orasmin, and begged of him to accompany him to Rosyland, assuring him he should have the second place in the kingdom. "No, my dear brother," answered he, "I am fully sensible of your kindness, but nothing could induce me to quit this little cell, where first I experienced true peace of mind."

"I approve of your choice," said Celestina, "and assure you, you shall hear from your brother and sister frequently." She then handed Lindor and Ardelia into her chariot, and in a few moments they were at Rosyland.

The people received them with loud acclamations, and they were immediately crowned,

and acknowledged sovereigns of Rosyland and the Kingdom of Myrtles.

Lindor never ceased to be grateful to Celestina, whom every day he found new cause to thank for having cured him of his errors, and giving him such a consort as Ardelia.

THE DESERTER,

OR

THE DANGER OF IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

On the borders of the river Humber, there are various little ferry-boats for the accommodation of passengers. One of these belonged to a man, who, in a small cottage, situated by the bank of the river, had reared a numerous family. John, the youngest of eight children, now assisted in managing the boat, and so expert and attentive was he, that almost the entire care of it devolved upon him.

Early one morning, in the month of November, somebody knocked very loudly at the door of the cottage. John was at the time in a sound sleep, and some minutes elapsed before he roused himself sufficiently to open the window, and ask what was

wanted. A man, in a tone of impatience, said he was desirous of crossing the ferry, and earnestly begged that somebody would come down immediately. "I'll be with you directly;" said John, "only let me slip on my clothes." He then shut the window, and in a few minutes was equipped. It was a dark, dismal morning; and the wind, as it blew across the river, agitated its bosom with a more than common degree of violence.

"I believe," said John, as he opened the door to let the stranger in, "I must take a lantern. You must have had good eyes to find your way such a morning as this."

"Come, there's a good lad," cried the man; "for pity's sake, do not delay."

"I will make as much haste as possible," replied John; and, lighting his lantern, he went to the boat, which he entered with the stranger. The tide happened to be uncommonly strong, and this, together with the

darkness of the morning, made it not only a work of difficulty and danger, but of a much greater length of time than was usual.

The man seemed almost in agonies at this unavoidable detention. He blamed John, he even snatched the oars from him, and declared he would row himself; but, unused to the business, he soon let the boat go with the stream, and, after many fruitless efforts to get her in a right direction, he threw down the oars, and seemed to abandon himself to despair.

This strange conduct was not unobserved by John, who possessed no common degree of curiosity. This unfortunate propensity had more than once led him into the commission of errors, and had frequently involved the objects of his suspicions in very serious difficulties. In the present case, there was, perhaps, nothing extraordinary. Many circumstances might account for so

much seeming impatience; but John, as usual, drew his own conclusions.

The man was a tall thin figure, extremely upright; and, though he was muffled in a great coat, and had his hat flapped over his eyes, he had a military air. He sighed frequently, and bitterly; and once, as he clasped his hands with an involuntary emotion, John thought he discerned a red coat. The morning, however, was so dark, that this was merely a suspicion.

At length they reached the opposite shore, and the man, springing from the boat, was hastening on with rapid strides, when John called out,—"Master, master, do pay me; you have forgot that, though this is not a time of the morning to work for nothing." The man instantly came back and gave him a penny. John then returned homewards; but his thoughts were completely occupied respecting the stranger, and a thousand con-

jectures entered his head. He might be a deserter,—a highwayman,—a felon returned from transportation,—a thief escaping from the officers of justice.—This last conjecture he was sure was well founded. "It is well," said he to himself, "that he did not steal my lantern; for some of these gentry are so light-fingered, that they will whip a thing away before one can turn round."

When he arrived at the cottage, he found that his father had come down stairs; and recounted to him all that had passed, together with his own surmises. His father checked his loquacity, and bade him not concern himself with what did not belong to him.

"By your description," said the old man, "it was, most probably, some poor soldier going to see his family; and as he might have obtained leave of absence but for a short time, he would, consequently, be anxious not to lose any part of it."

"Father," replied John, with quickness, "you have hit it. I'll be bound he's a deserter; I saw a bit of his red coat, though he was main careful I should see as little as possible. But I had my eyes about me."

"If you had them about you," replied his father, angrily, "only to conclude so ill of the man, it would have been a good thing if you had kept them closed. You will never be convinced of the danger of such impertinent curiosity, and such unwarrantable suspicions, till some serious consequences result from them. What business have you to have any suppositions about the matter? Just now you thought the man a thief, because he appeared in haste; now you believe he is a deserter, because he had a red coat; so, in either case, you would do what you could to hang him, merely that you may learn his business."

John was silenced, but not convinced, by

these observations; on the contrary, he was so certain he was right, and so eager to talk about it, that before night a rumour was spread all over the village, that John May had taken a deserter over the river. Several days elapsed, whilst this was the current report; at length, two men arrived at the inn, who said they came in search of a deserter, having heard that such a one had been that way.

They were referred to John, who was sitting with his father by the fire-side, broiling some slices of bacon, when the men entered. The constant habit of command, over the unhappy beings who were but too frequently in their power, had given to the manners and appearance of these persons a degree of ferocity, which startled the honest cottager. He arose hastily, and demanded their business.

"Why, master," said one of them, "we

are come here after a ticklish chap who has slipped out of our hands, and we hear your son ferried him over the river a few mornings ago."

"My son," replied Mr. May, "ferries many people over; there is, therefore, nothing particular in that."

"Father," cried John, starting from his chair, with a velocity which almost overturned it, "I'll be bound they mean the man that I took for a thief, he had such a look."

Mr. May regarded him with an eye which at once silenced him: but the men were not so easily appeased. They had, indeed, a very large share of John's suspicious temper, which their occupation was not calculated to diminish. They observed that Mr. May wished his son not to speak, and, from that moment, they were convinced he had a great deal to conceal."

"Master," said one of them, knocking his staff with violence on the brick floor, "none of your prevarications. We come here to know the truth, and we *will* know it. It was your boy that took the man we are in search of over the river, and, therefore, he shall give us an account of every particular. You seem to know more than you ought, but you had better take care how you act; for, as soon as we find our lost sheep, he will suffer death, and you too, if you have been abetting him."

"I know, perfectly well," said Mr. May, "how far your commission extends; it does not authorise you to come into my house to threaten me: I, therefore, desire you to quit it. If you have any thing to do with this boy, whose incorrigible love of talking, and of suspecting every one, deserves punishment, take him to the justice, and there let him give his deposition. It will, I believe,

be but little consolation to him, if he should find he has been accessary to depriving a fellow-creature of his life."

John, who trembled in every limb when he heard this speech, would gladly have recalled all he had ever said, and bitterly repented not having attended to the prophetic admonitions of his parent. To be taken before the justice, to give his evidence against a man whose life appeared the forfeit, was so dreadful, that he entreated, upon his knees to be spared. But the men laughed at his tears, and ridiculed his contrition. His father made no effort in his favour, and he was dragged to the house of the justice.

They had above two miles to walk, and John, as he went shivering along, regretted the comfortable fire and good supper he had left; and resolved, if he escaped this once, he would never again commit a similar fault.

On arriving at the house, they were shewn into a room where the justice was sitting alone. The case was stated to him, and he immediately began to interrogate John in the strictest manner. The boy's answers, however, were so vague, and the whole which he had asserted was so entirely conjecture, that the Justice, who was a man of sense and discernment, dismissed him with a severe reprimand for his tattling propensity.

The officers, who were offended at this lenity, insisted on John's taking them over the river, and landing them at the very spot where he had parted with the suspected person. He did so; but in his eagerness to get rid of them, he had pushed the boat too far on the strand, and it stuck fast in the mud. The water was falling, and all his efforts were ineffectual; so that he concluded he must remain there all night.

At this juncture, a person advanced from a neighbouring inclosure, and said, — "I wish you would take me across the river."

"That I will," said John, "if you will help me to push the boat off." This was readily effected, and they soon reached the opposite shore.

It was now near midnight; but John's father was not gone to bed. He heard the paddling of the oars, and came out to meet his son; who, he hoped, had this night received a lesson which would not easily be obliterated from his memory. He perceived somebody with him; and, though it was too dark for him to distinguish much, he perceived that the stranger was accompanied by two children, one of whom he bore in his arms, and the other had hold of his hand. The latter appeared tired and sleepy, and, in a whining tone, asked to go to bed. The stranger sighed bitterly, but made no an-

swer. After a moment's pause, he said, addressing Mr. May, "Is there an empty barn, or a shed, hereabouts, that my children might sleep in for an hour or two?"

Mr. May was naturally kind-hearted and benevolent, and he instantly offered a small stable, which, he said, was littered with clean straw, and should be entirely at his service. The man accepted the offer with much thankfulness, and went into the house, whilst John lighted a lantern for him to take. Every thing was soon ready, and the stranger and his children went to their resting-place.

John undertook to shew him the way; but, in a few minutes, he returned pale and trembling. "Oh, father!" he exclaimed, as he entered, "what will become,—oh! what will become of us?"

Mr. May, startled by these unaccountable exclamations, demanded the cause.

John, still trembling, looked round, as if

fearful that any one besides his father should hear him; and then, in a half whisper, his finger pointed in token of secrecy, and his eyes almost starting from their sockets, he cried, "This is the man! This is he! I thought I had heard his voice before, when he first spoke to me; but it was not till I saw his face, by the light of the lantern, that I recollected him."

"What man?" inquired Mr. May; "I do not understand you."

"Why, father," continued John, with a look of horror, "he that the constables are going to hang, as soon as they get him."

Mr. May now perfectly comprehended his son's meaning; and, though he was really concerned for the offender, he wished he had taken shelter under any roof but his. Yet there was something in the man's appearance, which by no means indicated the person who had been described; and, after a little

reflection, he thought it would be right to inform him of his danger. It was not an affair in which John was to be trusted; his father, therefore, sent him to bed, and then went himself to the stable. The stranger seemed much alarmed at his appearance, and there was a confusion in his manner, which any one, inclined to judge hastily, might but too readily have imputed to guilt. This, however, was no time for hesitation, and Mr. May instantly declared the cause of his late visit. He related all that had passed with the officers, and their assertion that his life was forfeited.

During this recital, the man seemed in the most dreadful agony; he traversed the stable, uttering the deepest groans, whilst large drops of anguish rolled down his care-worn cheek. It was some time before he could speak; at length, he said, "It is in vain to conceal any thing; and, therefore,

if you will give me a hearing, I will candidly tell you what has involved me in this distressing situation.

"I was the only son of a soldier, who had long and faithfully served his king and country; and though all his labours had never raised him to a halberd, he determined that I should follow his profession. I was therefore enrolled as soon as I could hold a musket, and for nearly thirty years I have pursued a life of continued hardships. There is not a quarter of the globe, in which I have not fought, nor one which has not been sprinkled with my blood. At the close of the last war, I returned to England, and, soon after, married the daughter of a cottager, whom I had long known. At first, we did very well; but when a family came on fast, we found it very difficult to procure a maintenance, though we worked early and late, and spared no pains to keep out of debt.

By the interest of a few friends, we contrived to get into a shop, and we had a good prospect of success, when, suddenly, war broke out; our regiment was ordered to Ireland, and I was obliged to embark without even seeing my family.

"Our colonel, though a good hearted man, is so extremely severe, that he will not grant the smallest indulgence to his soldiers. We staid in Ireland almost two years, in the course of which time I learned that my wife, with all her industry, was half starved. She was unable to supply the shop with goods, and, in consequence of this, her customers left her. This was dreadful news for me, who was able to do so little. However, I sent every shilling to her I could accumulate, and I ventured to hope for better days, on hearing that our regiment was ordered home.

"As soon as we arrived in England, I re-

quested leave to visit my family for a few days. The colonel did not comply with my request, but merely told me he would consider of it. This was very hard upon me, as it was long since I had heard from my wife, and the last accounts were very distressing. I had besides written from Ireland, but had received no answer. I now wrote again, but my letter was returned, with this written on the back,—' Gone away.' I was now more wretched than ever, as I was assured that nothing but the greatest calamities could have driven my wife to leave her home. I again solicited the colonel, but as he is a hasty man, he was very much offended at my troubling him.

" I was one night sitting in the guard-room, when I was told a person wished to speak to me: I went out immediately. You will easily guess my surprise, when I found it was my eldest daughter. All the pleasure

I felt at seeing her was soon destroyed by the recital she gave me. She stated that her mother had been ill during the last twelve months; in consequence of which, things went on so badly, that they had soon not only no customers, but were seriously involved in debt. Some of their neighbours pitied their situation, but others were eager to blame them; and the landlord, being afraid of his rent, seized every thing which remained for the arrears. My wife and children were then literally turned out of doors, and, had it not been for the benevolence of a farmer, who gave them a shed, they must have gone to the workhouse. Here they had lived several months, supported by a few charitable neighbours, and what the children could obtain by begging; but such hardships soon reduced my wife to so dreadful a condition, that her death was expected daily. She had heard, by chance,

that our regiment was returned, and that it was stationed only thirty miles from her residence. She was astonished at not having heard from me, or seen me: and fearing I had forgotten both her and my children, she took it so much to heart, that her disorder seemed to increase every hour. My poor girl offered to come to Winchester, and see whether I were really there, and accordingly set off and arrived, as I have said.

"This account almost distracted me. I told my comrade, who was on duty with me; and added, if the colonel would not give me leave, I would go without it. He endeavoured to dissuade me from this determination, but I could not listen to his arguments; my thoughts being completely occupied by the melancholy state of my dying wife and my starving children. Every moment was precious, and I was impatient of the time till we should be relieved, for I was then on

guard. At length the period arrived, and I dismissed my poor girl to get a bed with the serjeant's wife, whom we had long known. Left to myself, I became even more distracted; and, in an agony which might well be called frenzy, I quitted the city, and hasted onwards. I scarcely felt the ground I trod, as you may well imagine, when I tell you I had travelled nearly twenty miles before I reached your cottage. As soon as I had crossed the ferry, I pursued my road, with the same speed, neither stopping for rest or refreshment.

"Early in the afternoon, I reached our village, and was soon directed to the spot where I might find my wife. I did indeed find her, but in what a situation! So pale and altered, that I scarcely knew her, and every thing bespeaking the most dreadful poverty and wretchedness! She knew me instantly, and stretched out her arms to re-

ceive me; but the shock was too great for her feeble frame; she endeavoured to articulate something, but her voice faltered, her eyes became fixed, and in a few minutes she was no more.

"I scarcely know how I bore her death; for I have no recollection of any thing till the next morning, when the first persons I recognised were the good farmer and his wife, to whom my family were indebted for many kindnesses. They pitied my situation, and did every thing in their power to relieve me; but, alas! what consolation could be imparted to one whose life was forfeited? I acquainted the farmer with the manner in which I had left Winchester, and what would be the consequence. He seemed much alarmed, and advised me instantly to return. This I intended to do, but I was anxious that my poor wife should be buried decently,

and my children no more abandoned. I therefore left all the money I had, and, taking the two youngest, the farmer promised to send the other three by a waggon, which passes within a few miles of the village. I accordingly set off with a heavy heart, and pursued my sorrowful way with less speed on account of the children. I very fortunately escaped the men, whom you have described, and who, I have too much reason to fear, would make every thing appear against me. My only hope of pardon rests in my seeing the colonel, and telling him every thing; and for this purpose I intend to set off again as soon as the children are a little rested."

"You must not wait for that," said Mr May, in whose benevolent heart the soldier's story had excited the most lively commiseration. "You must set off instantly. I

have a little cart and a good horse, which will take you a considerable part of your way, and I will accompany you myself."

The soldier began with the warmest thanks to express to Mr. May his gratitude; but he would not stop to hear him; he hastened with the utmost expedition to get every thing ready; and then hurrying the soldier and his children into the cart, he set off with all the speed the horse was capable of making. In little more than two hours they had travelled fourteen miles; six now only remained; and these Mr. May offered to accompany him on foot. The soldier was very thankful for this, and they set off without waiting, except to give the horse and cart in charge to the ostler.

The morning began to dawn as they entered Winchester: the soldier went immediately to the guard-room; and there, to his astonished comrades, recounted all that had

passed. They told him the worst reports had been spread about him, and that the colonel was so enraged, he was determined to punish him with the utmost rigour.

Mr. May, who was anxious to know the event, resolved to stay, at least a few hours, till the colonel was informed of the delinquent's return. This was soon done, and orders were sent to keep him confined at the guard-room till he should be tried by a court-martial, which would be held in the course of a day or two. As soon as he knew this, he thanked Mr. May for all his kindness, and took a melancholy leave of him. The good man bade him adieu, with unaffected concern, and returned home, filled with sad forebodings.

On the appointed day, the court-martial was held. The delinquent was brought forward, and heard in his defence; but, though there were many who pitied him, yet, as un-

conditional obedience was indispensable in a soldier, he was judged as a deserter, and, accordingly, sentenced to death.

By five o'clock the next morning, the drum began to beat, and the regiments to assemble; and, at ten, he was brought out for execution. As he was led through the ranks, not a breath was heard; but many eyes were filled with compassionate tears. He knelt down, the bandage was tied over his eyes, and the fatal signal was about to be given; but at this eventful moment, his pardon was announced, and he was set at liberty, amidst the applause and congratulations of all his comrades. The poor soldier expressed his thanks in the most affecting manner, and, on every future occasion, he evidently strove to give the most convincing proofs of gratitude and obedience. Amongst those who rejoiced in this event, none were more sincerely interested than Mr. May and his son. The

former made a journey to Winchester, to testify his pleasure; the latter, when he first heard the sentence which had been pronounced, abandoned himself to the deepest remorse, in recollecting how unguarded he had been,—how eager to indulge in the most injurious suspicions, and to communicate them, without reflecting on their probable consequences: and he determined to remember, on all future occasions, that no one is authorised to suspect another of evil from appearances, which are often fallacious, and circumstances which may be entirely accidental. This resolution he was happily enabled to keep; and he never afterwards involved any one in distress through his unfounded suspicions, or impertinent curiosity.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street.